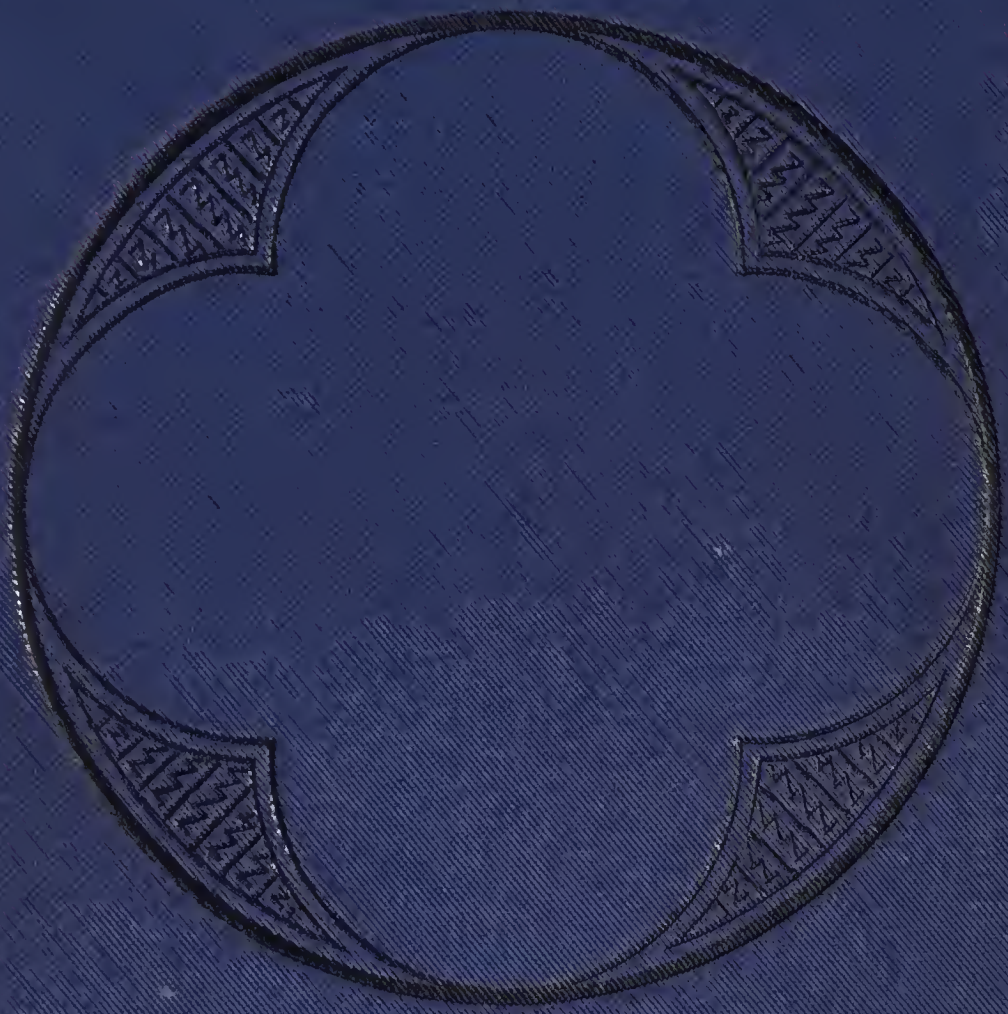
FAMILY PRAYERS



J. R. Macduff D.D.

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FAMILY PRAYERS.

BY

JOHN R. MACDUFF, D.D.,

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Our
Father, which art in
heaven, Hallowed be Thy
Name. Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done in earth, As it is
in Heaven. Gibe us this day our daily
bread. And forgibe us our trespasses, As we for-
gibe them that trespass against us. And lead
us not into temptation; But deliver us
from evil: For Thine is the king-
dom, The power, and the
glory, for ever and ever.
Amen.

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FAMILY PRAYERS.

First Week.

Sunday Morning.

ALMIGHTY GOD! we desire to approach Thy sacred presence, blessing and praising thy Holy name, that Thou hast again in the multitude of Thy mercies permitted us to see the light of another day of the Son of man. This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. Draw Thou near to us as we draw near to thee. Inspirer of all good thoughts! do Thou pre-occupy our souls with Thyself. May we walk all the day under the sunshine of Thy gracious countenance, and experience the blessedness of

filial nearness to our covenant GOD and Father in CHRIST.

Thy favor is life. Compared with this, all other happiness is shadowy and vain. Nothing but the conscious possession of Thine own infinite love can satisfy the longings of our immortal spirits. Whom have we in the heavens, O GOD, but Thee; and there is none in all the earth that our souls would desire besides Thee.

We draw near to Thy footstool, under a deep sense of our unworthiness. We acknowledge the depravity and corruption of our nature; the sins and short-comings of our practice. We reflect with shame and confusion of face on unrequited love, on rejected kindness, on resisted warnings, on unimproved providences. For JESUS' sake, have Thou mercy upon us, miserable offenders! We bring our guilt to the great propitiation. We bring the burden of daily transgression to the Lamb of GOD, who taketh away the sins of the world.

We disown all other grounds of confidence,—all other plea for mercy. We would stake our eternal all on an ever-living and exalted Redeemer! Blessed Saviour! Seal to us a sense of pardon. Give us the renewed pledge that Thou art loving us with an everlasting love. May we see this day Thy glory, as we have seen Thee heretofore within Thy Holy Temple. May we be enabled to pitch our tents near the gate of Heaven. May our manifold privileges issue in our more complete sanctification. May we attain greater heavenly mindedness, greater weanedness from earth, greater singleness of eye to Thy glory. May every temporal mercy which gladdens our lot be sweetened and hallowed, and endeared by the thought that it comes to us through JESUS. May blessings and trials, comforts and crosses, health and sickness, joy and sorrow, bring us only nearer Him, and redound to the glory of His great name. Subdue whatever is

inconsistent with His mind and will. Put a sanctified restraint on our thoughts; repress all vain imaginations; crucify every lingering sin. May our hearts become holy temples, and our lives living sacrifices. May the incense and fragrance of a sanctified walk and obedience be known and seen of all men. Fit us for glory. Let our eye be ever upwards, and heavenwards, and Godwards. Let eternity exercise a more commanding influence over us. Let religion become more "the one thing needful." May we grow in more meek and child-like submission to our Heavenly Father's will. Breathing a perpetual Sabbath-spirit on earth, may we be fitted for that rest which shall never be broken, which awaits us in the Kingdom of the Redeemed.

We pray for all who are to minister to us this day. Give them an unction from the Holy One. May they be valiant for the Truth. May they hide themselves behind

an exalted Saviour; and may every impression on the minds of those who hear, be rendered permanent and saving. Bless us, even us, O God, who are now surrounding Thy footstool. As Thou hast knitted us together in the same earthly ties, do Thou unite us in the better bonds of the everlasting covenant. Make us all partakers of the resurrection-life of Thy people; that though death may sooner or later separate us here, we may meet at last where separation is unknown.

We pray for the poor, the afflicted, the bereaved, and the dying. O Thou Comforter of all that are cast down, do Thou heal their sorrows, bind up their wounds. To the friendless, do Thou prove a friend. In the multitude of their thoughts within them, may Thy comforts delight their souls.

We commend our friends, and all belonging to us, implicitly to Thy Sovereign care. Undertake Thou for them. May the

pillar of Thy presence go continually before them. Fit them for living and for dying. May all our souls be consecrated, with their undivided energies, to the glory of Him, in whose words we would further pray, saying

Our Father, &c.

The grace of our Lord, &c.

Sunday Evening.

HEAVENLY FATHER! we desire to close this, Thy holy Sabbath, with Thee. Thou hast been as a pillar of cloud before us this day; Thou hast again spread for us a table in the wilderness; we have seen again Thy glory, as we have seen Thee heretofore in Thy Temple. As the shadows of night are falling around us, do Thou, the Unsetting "Sun of our Souls," be near us—dispersing all the darkness of sin, and giving us the inner sunshine of Thy presence and love. We entreat Thee not to leave us. May the holy leaven of a Sabbath frame be manifested throughout the week, hallowing, and sanctifying, and pervading all its duties.

We entreat Thee to forgive the many sins that have mingled in our efforts to

serve Thee this day. If we were to be judged by our holiest seasons, how should we stand condemned! Look not on us as we are in ourselves; but behold, O GOD, our shield!—look upon the face of Thine Anointed. We would cleave to Him as our only Saviour. Enable us to testify of the reality of our faith, and the depth of our gratitude, by bringing forth all the peaceable fruits of righteousness. May Thy love reign paramount; may there be no competing affection; may we show by our holy lives, and unselfish feelings, and consistent walk, that we have been imbibing deeply of the Saviour's Spirit. Take these unworthy, polluted, erring, treacherous hearts:—sanctify and seal them for Thyself; make them thine only, and thine wholly, and thine forever. May we be clothed with the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left; may we exercise a jealous eye on our daily avocations, lest

things temporal should exercise an engrossing power to the exclusion of things eternal. May it be our grand aim to be progressing in the Divine life. Let us hear Thy voice proclaiming in our ears, "Arise, for this is not your rest!" May our habitual response be, "We desire a better country,—that is an Heavenly."

We pray for a world lying in wickedness. "How long shall the wicked—how long shall the wicked triumph? Save Thy people, bless Thine inheritance, feed them also, and lift them up forever." Bless abundantly of the preaching of Thy holy word. Glorify Thyself in the salvation of sinners. May the stout-hearted tremble; may He whom they persecute "meet them in the way." May Thy ministering servants be made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob; may the bow which this day have been drawn at a venture carry the arrow of conviction to many hearts; may we all feel that this Sab-

bath must have solemn bearings on our eternity

We entreat Thee to take under Thy merciful protection this night all our beloved friends. It is our privilege to bring them in prayer to Thee. Though unable to meet under the same tabernacle, it is our comfort to know that no distance can estrange from Thee—that thou canst, at one and the same moment, be present within every gate of Zion and every dwelling of Jacob. We commend both present and absent ones to the gracious Shepherd of Israel. Be Thou to them all, as the shadow of a rock in a weary land.

Draw near to the sons and daughters of sorrow. Give them everlasting consolation and good hope, through grace. Let them bow to Thy will. Let them see no hand in their trials but Thine; saying, in lowly submissiveness, with regard to all creature comforts,—the Lord gave, and the

Lord hath a sovereign right to take them all away.

We thank Thee for Thy many mercies still vouchsafed to us. Watch over us during this night. Grant us the sleep of Thy beloved. When we awake may we still be with Thee. And all that we ask, is in the name and for the sake of Him whom Thou hearest always, and to whom, with Thee, the Father, and Thee, O Eternal Spirit, one GOD, be ascribed all blessing, and honor, and glory, and praise, world without end. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The grace of our Lord, &c.

Monday Morning.

O LORD we desire to draw near into Thy holy presence, in the name of Him whom thou hearest always.

We rejoice to think that around His cross, mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have embraced each other. The law has been magnified, yet the guilty saved. Justice has been satisfied, and yet the fallen and outcast may listen to the voice of reconciliation and love.

LORD, we have nothing to plead in extenuation of our guilt. We have sinned against light and privilege, and warning, and mercy. We mourn our deep-rooted depravity, our constant proneness to alienation and departure from Thee; the feebleness of our faith, the fitfulness of

our love, the imperfection of our best services, the mingled motives in our holiest duties. We come anew, casting ourselves on the infinite fulness of our adorable Redeemer. Give us out of His inexhaustible treasury, even grace for grace Let us walk as Thy children, advancing in conformity to Thy blessed mind and will Let us not only be jealous of losing what we have, but may we be covetous of greater spiritual attainments—laying aside every weight, and running with patience the race that is set before us. Give us grace to bear about with us, in our daily duties and engagements, in our sleeping and waking, the solemn thought—we are soon to be with GOD. Let us not postpone the all-momentous question of our Salvation. Let us not be found preparing for our latter end when the summons is addressed to us—"Get thee up and die." May we feel that now is the accepted time, and it may be, the only time! May we

hear a voice addressed to us in the most common Providences. Let it be our constant aim and endeavor to know what the will of the LORD is; and knowing that will, may we have strength given us to obey it. Even if Thou shouldst see meet to try us, may we cheerfully submit, for we know Thy roughest east winds are intended to drive our barks nearer glory. May we murmur at nothing that brings us nearer Thee. We would desire that everything earthly be subordinated to Thy glory. May we seek to bring all our affections to this Thine own standard, 'lovest thou Me *more than these?*' Conscious of the supreme enthronement of Thy love in our hearts, may we be enabled in honest sincerity to avow, 'LORD, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that we love Thee.' Loving Thee supremely, take what Thou wilt away, we must be happy.

GOD of Bethel, dwell in this household, make every member of it Thine. Those

that are absent, LORD be near them—Those that are in distress, LORD comfort them. Those that know Thee not, LORD arrest them. Those that are Thy children, do Thou increase their devotedness; give them more of the Pilgrim character, prepare them for the Pilgrim's rest.

Prosper Thy cause and kingdom everywhere. Let Satan's kingdom be destroyed—the kingdom of grace advanced—the kingdom of glory hastened. Save thy people—bless Thine inheritance, feed them also, and lift them up forever! Give to each of us this day Thy gracious benediction; and when the days of Earth shall merge into the ages of Eternity, may it be ours to spend them in the full vision and fruition of Thee, our GOD, through JESUS CHRIST. *Amen.*

Our Father &c.

The Grace of Our Lord, &c.

Monday Evening.

O GOD ALMIGHTY, who hast mercifully shielded us during another day, we desire, ere we retire to rest, to commit ourselves, soul and body, to Thee in well-doing, as unto a Faithful Creator. Glory be to our GOD for all the blessings of the light; and now that the curtain of night is again drawn around us, do Thou keep us, King of kings, beneath thine own over-shadowing wings. It is Thou only who makest us to dwell in safety.

We acknowledge Thee as our daily Benefactor and Guardian. Thine is the air we breathe, the food we eat, the raiment with which we are clothed. But far above all Thine other gifts, we bless Thee for Thy mightiest pledge of mercy to a fallen world,—JESUS, the son of Thy

Love! He is our only Saviour. We rejoice to think that He is at this moment "undertaking" for all his people. We rejoice to think of Him as our "Wonderful Counsellor,"—ever living—ever loving—always the same; others growing strange, He never—others changeable, He immutable.

May we be clothed with His likeness as well as with His righteousness. Sanctify us, body, soul, and spirit. Make us gentle and patient, and meek, and thankful, and forgiving. Take away all pride, vain glory and hypocrisy—all absorbing love of the world and worldly things. Set our renewed affections on things above. Let us be jealous over ourselves. One indulged sin is enough to forfeit Thy favor—one idol retained is enough to drive Thee from the throne of our heart. Do Thou come and reign there supreme. May our souls become undefiled altars, whence the incense-offering of gratitude and thanksgiv

ing is ever ascending. May life become one grand and habitual preparation for eternity. O give us to know that holy and happy living is holy and happy dying

Give us all zeal in the performance of our relative duties. Let us feel that whatever Thou hast given us, whether talent, or wealth, or influence—all are trusts to be laid out for Thee—to bring in a revenue of glory to Thy holy name, and promote the well-being of those around us.

Visit Thy church—the vineyard which Thine own right hand hath planted. May grace, and mercy, and peace be upon all the Israel of God. Bless our own household;—may every heart be brought daily nearer Heaven. Impress on us the solemn thought that time lost cannot be recalled Let us not leave undone for a dying hour what may be best done, and it may be, only done now. May all our friends at a distance enjoy the friendship of a never-distant GOD. Guard them, guide them

provide for them. May they and we together be invisibly traversing the same Zionward path. May the rainbow of Thy Covenant love lighten our passage through the dark valley. May it be ours at last to have an abundant entrance ministered into that better land, where GOD shall rest in His love, and rejoice over His people with singing. Hear us, LORD, for the sake of Thy dear Son, our only Lord and Saviour, who, when He was on earth, taught us thus to pray, saying—

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Tuesday Morning.

O LORD, Thou art from everlasting to everlasting, GOD. Thou art enthroned amid the praises of Eternity: Thy glories no time can impair; Thy mercy endureth forever. The same love which before the birth of time or of worlds gave JESUS, is this day the same—infinite, immutable!

We bless Thee for the Son of Thy love. We cannot wonder at any other mercy when Thou hast given us Him. We rejoice that for every poor sinner casting himself in his own nothingness and demerit, on the fulness and sufficiency of an Almighty Saviour, there is an open door of welcome! We take JESUS in all He is, in all that He hath done, in all that He is willing to do. We stake our eternal all on Him. Re-

posing on his completed work, we can joyously say, "Return unto thy rest, O our souls, for the LORD hath dealt bountifully with us." Let us *enter* into this rest. Let us feel that there is no repose for the immortal Spirit but in that blessed sheltering Ark of mercy. Forbid that we should delay availing ourselves of the offered refuge. Let us feel that time is too short, and eternity too long, to be tampering with our salvation. May every other question of mere earthly interest be subordinated to this, "What must We do to be saved?" May we know that JESUS is in every respect the SAVIOUR we need—that there is no friend in the wide world so willing to *be* all and to *do* all for us. May the same mind be in us which was also in Him. May we bear more about with us the dying of the LORD JESUS, that the life also of JESUS may made be manifest in our mortal flesh. Let us know the blessedness of living *with* Him in holy fellow-

ship, living from day to day *upon* Him with unfaltering dependence, and *to* Him in undivided consecration of every power of our bodies, and every faculty of our souls. May we search out the plague of our own hearts. May whatever pleases Him please us. May we find all our happiness in the enquiry, "What the will of the LORD is;" and knowing it, to pursue prayerfully and joyfully our heavenward way. Let us thankfully employ the manifold gifts of Thy bounty. Keep us from the abuse of any, by allowing them to supplant the Giver. May we be enabled to rise above them in the consciousness of the better portion and heritage we have in Thyself—Thou source and bestower of all!

Bless all in sorrow. Descend, LORD, to heal their wounds. May they bow with unrepining submission to Thy will and say "It is good for us that we have been so afflicted!" May those laid on beds of

languishing, exhibit patience under bodily pain and infirmity. May useful lives be spared, and the dying be prepared for death.

Bless this family and household: may we all know the happiness of present, and everlasting shelter in the shepherd's fold. [May the lambs of the flock be taken in His arms, and carried in his bosom.]

Hasten the promised times of refreshing from the presence of the LORD. May JESUS take to himself his great power and reign. Arise, O GOD, and let Thine enemies be scattered.

Take us this day under thy peculiar care. The LORD bless us and keep us—the LORD cause his face to shine on us—the LORD fit us for life, and for death, and for glory, for JESUS' sake *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Tuesday Evening.

O GOD, we come into Thy blessed presence on this the evening of another day, thanking and praising Thee for all the unmerited tokens of Thy love and mercy. On Thee we are dependent for all the temporal bounties of our lot, and for all our higher and more enduring spiritual privileges. If we have been enabled this day to resist temptation, and to fight against sin, it is all Thy blessed grace which has enabled us to do so. We are weak, and wayward, and helpless. Our hearts are ever dealing treacherously, both with ourselves and Thee. The good that we would, that we do not; and the evil that we would not, that we do.

We are daily and hourly contracting fresh guilt. Nothing else in the world

but the merits of our blessed Redeemer can wash away sin. All our tears and repentance cannot do so; all our best amendments cannot do so; it is JESUS, and JESUS only—in all the fulness of His grace—in all the efficiency of His intercession—in all the glories of his finished work. Help us, Saviour, or we die! Sprinkle every heart with thy blood: this alone will serve as a Passover in the great day of coming wrath.

While we look by simple faith to a completed atonement, as the alone ground of our justification, we would look to Thy HOLY SPIRIT to work in us all the good pleasure of Thy goodness. May He mould us after the Redeemer's image, and conform us to His will. May we be led to imitate the Saviour's meekness, gentleness, and untiring benevolence. Give us fervent charity to all men,—lofty integrity in our dealings, — faithfulness to whatever trust Thy Providence has confided to us.

May we shake off all indolence and self-indulgence; may we strive to be useful in our generation, redeeming the time because our days are few and evil; may we feel duty become a delight when done for Thee, and that every worldly calling and occupation is sanctified and sweetened if thus interfused with the sense of Thy gracious favor.

Have mercy on the sons and daughters of sorrow. Let them own Thy hand—let them rest in Thy love. Let them see that they never could have known Thee as the Brother born for adversity, unless Thou hadst tried them! Promote Thy cause and kingdom in the world. Pour out upon all thy ministers, and missionaries, and churches, the healthful spirit of Thy grace. May the time soon come when, under one Shepherd and one sheepfold, all ends of the earth shall see the salvation of GOD.

Bless our own immediate dwelling, and

the circle of those nearest and dearest to us. Oh! that as each evening comes round, we may feel that a day has been spent for Thee. May the thought be one, not of a painful, but of a hallowed kind to us, that we shall soon end the journey, and be with Thyself forever,—done with sin, done with sorrow, done with self, and the great GOD become our all and in all!

Be with us throughout this night. May our bodies be refreshed with sleep; may we awake to the duties of a new day with our minds stayed on GOD. And unto Thy Great name, FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT, we ascribe blessing, and honor, and glory, and praise, now and forever.

Our Father, &c.

The grace of our Lord, &c.

Wednesday Morning.

O GOD, Thou art great, and greatly to be praised: Thy greatness is unsearchable. Thou art the GOD of our life, and the length of our days; Thou appointest our lot and settlest the bounds of our habitation. The LORD reigneth. Nothing befals us but what is the dictate of infinite wisdom and everlasting love: the Highest of all Beings is the kindest of all. Our lives are one amazing retrospect of kindness;—mercy upon mercy—and "there are no small mercies with Thee—all are *great*, because the least are undeserved."

We thank Thee especially for that mercy which transcends all others in magnitude: we bless Thee for a full, free, and everlasting Salvation in JESUS. We come to Thee on the broad ground of Thine own

offered welcome. May we be justified freely by His grace. Amid the fitfulness of our own ever-changing feelings may we be able to make the challenge—"Who shall separate us from the love of CHRIST?" May the common blessings of life be hallowed by the sense of the mightiest of all blessings—that of being at peace with Thee in Him.

Distrusting our own strength and sufficiency, let us lean our whole weight upon His arm. May we have more of the feelings, and tastes, and habits of "pilgrims." May we desire a better country. May our habitual watchword be—"We are journeying." Let us not tamper with sin. May all that is pleasing to Thee be owned: may new-born principles ripen into holy tastes and permanent habits. May all anger, and wrath, and malice, and evil speaking, be put away from us If ever tempted to uncharitable feelings, or the indulgence of unholy, unforgiving

tempers, may we seek to set JESUS before us, and remember Him who was meek and lowly in heart,—who when He suffered He threatened not; but committed Himself to Him who judgeth righteously. Thy presence hallows all joy, and sweetens all sorrow, and takes the sting from every thorn and every cross. Other friends have failed us—Thou hast never. Let us know that our happiest hours are those which are spent for Thee. If we have Thy favor and blessing we are independent of every other.

We pray for the afflicted. Be a father to the fatherless—a husband to the widow—the stranger's shield—and the orphan's stay Let every heavy laden one know that it is *Thy* gracious hand that puts the burden on and keeps it on. Give us all grace to be resigned to Thy will,—sorrowing or rejoicing—in sickness—in health—in living or dying. Lying meekly in the arms of Thy mercy, may this be the only breathing of our hearts, "Father, glorify Thy name!"

[Do thou sanctify our home. May our children rise up and call Thee blessed; pour Thy rich grace early into their hearts; may they be led to remember their Creator in the days of their youth. May this be their highest blessedness—that they are the children of their Father in Heaven.]

Hasten, LORD, Thy coming and Thy kingdom. Bring in Thine ancient people with the fulness of the Gentile nations. Prosper the labors of Thy missionary servants; may the LORD stand by them and strengthen them.

May we all feel that each of us have in our several spheres some work to perform for Thee. Let the solemn word of warning be ever sounding in our ears, "The night cometh wherein no man can work." Oh, may we be diligent, that we may at last be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless; and all that we ask is for the Redeemer's sake. *Amen.*

Wednesday Evening.

O GOD ALMIGHTY—Maker—Proprietor—Judge of all!—we come into Thy glorious presence on this the close of another day, beseeching Thee to fill us with fitting conceptions of Thy greatness. Heaven is filled with the underived majesty of Thy glory.

What mercy it is in Thee that Thou shouldst bend Thine ear to our feeble lispings of praise,—that Thou, Great GOD, shouldst listen to the sinner's cry, and receive the tribute of such unthankful, unholy hearts. We could not, LORD, have ventured into Thy presence, but for Thy great love in CHRIST JESUS Through Him alone it is that the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts are rendered acceptable in Thy sight.

In Him we are pardoned, adopted, justified, saved. In Him we are kept, sanctified, sealed. In Him we shall at last be presented without fault before the throne! We may well entrust our eternal all to His keeping. The valley of death is itself gilded with the lustre of the Bright and Morning Star; the grave is transformed into a bed of rest, and beyond the portals of the tomb there breaks upon us a hope full of immortality. Our wants are infinite, but our help is infinite. He is waiting to dispense all needed grace, and for every time of need. LORD, we feel that we require grace for everything. Every moment is a moment of need; there is not the hour or instant we can live independent of JESUS. Do thou carry on Thine own work within us. May it be a growing work, and may we be growing Christians, growing out of ourselves and into Him who is the living Vine. May the fruits of righteousness be the living evidences of

our being grafted into Him. Purge us, that we may bring forth more fruit; forbid that we should be sapless, fruitless unproductive cumberers, occupying ground in Thy vineyard, but yielding no revenue of glory to Thee. This is Thy will concerning each of us, even our sanctification. Oh! Thou who searchest Jerusalem with lighted candles, do Thou search our hearts. See if there be any wicked way in us,—anything that may still be hindering our progress, or grieving Thy Spirit.—Lead us not in our own way, for often would we mar the work of Thy grace by choosing what would be hurtful to our best interests; but choose Thou for us. Let us rejoice in Thee as a rich provider, and an all-wise provider, who will give us nothing, and deny us nothing, but what is for our good.

We commend to Thy Fatherly protection all near and dear to us this night. Keep them, gracious Father, under the shadow

of Thy wings; bless them and make them blessings. May they never lose sight of the chief end of their being, to glorify Thee on earth, and to enjoy Thee forever in Heaven. Bless our own family. We thank Thee for all Thy great goodness in the past. The Lord hath been mindful of us, and He will bless us.

Do good in Thy good pleasure unto Zion. Build Thou the walls of Jerusalem. May every branch of Thy Church universal be blessed with tokens of Thy favor. Revive Thy work, O GOD, in the midst of the years.

Take the charge of all of us this night; it is Thou who givest Thy beloved sleep; it is Thou, LORD, only, who makest us to dwell in safety. May each returning evening find us more ready for the coming of the LORD JESUS with all His saints. And all that we ask is for the Redeemer's sake. *Amen.*

Thursday Morning.

MOST BLESSED GOD! who hast again permitted us to see the beginning of another day, let us accept every new morning as a fresh gift of Thy bounty and love. We are the constant dependents on Thy mercy. Thou hidest Thy face and we are troubled;—the moment the mighty arm which sustains a universe is withdrawn, we instantly perish!

We are utterly unworthy to come into Thy presence. There is nothing so amazing as Thy condescension to such creatures as we. The most wondrous thought about a wonder-wording GOD, is that He can suffer such guilty, miserable apostates to invoke His favor.—He might righteously strike us down, and make us

monuments of His vengeance. But in wrath He remembers mercy.

We come to Thee anew this morning, through the new and living way of access. We cast ourselves on the full, free, and everlasting salvation of our adorable Redeemer.

LORD JESUS, we take Thee as our only Saviour—ours only—ours wholly—ours for every step Zionwards—ours in a living, ours in a dying hour—ours in the wilderness—ours till we reach the gates of glory,—yea, ours forever and ever! It is our blessed consolation that no good thing wilt Thou withhold from them that walk uprightly. So that, without one misgiving, we may well confide our all to Thee—hid in the "concave of Thy shield," saying, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

LORD, Thou often teachest us by terrible things in righteousness, but none teacheth like Thee. Let this be our conso-

lation, "We are under our Father's direction." Make us more child-like, and obedient, and submissive, and heavenly-minded. The sunshine of Thy countenance can make up for all losses, but no gain can compensate for its withdrawal. We would wish to be no better, and fare no better than Covenant love and mercy would have us. The past is paved with mercy. It may have sometimes seemed to be a mysterious way, but the result has proved it to have been a right way. We will hear Thy voice behind us, saying for the future, "Fear not, for I am with Thee!"

Each of us has a great work to do, and a brief time to do it in. Let us live under the power of holy principles. May we feel that we are stewards in this world, put in trust for Thy glory. Let us even bless Thee for our cares, that we may cast all these upon Thee, and know experimentally that "Thou carest for us."

Bless all near and dear to us. Our friends

we commend to Thy friendship. Let not one of them be found wanting on the Great Day. May they be among the number of those whom, sleeping in JESUS, GOD will bring with Him. Bless us who are now surrounding Thy footstool, whether as master or servant, [as parents or children.] May we all have affiance in Thee, and ever seek Thy honor and glory.

Compassionate all in sorrow. May "the poor afflicted ones" take refuge in the assurance that Thou guidest the wheels of Providence—that whatever befalls them is Thy doing. May we be all so living now, that we may not at last be ashamed before CHRIST at His coming. Sanctify us, good Lord, in body, soul, and spirit. Seal us until the day of eternal redemption. And all that we ask is for JESUS' sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of Our Lord, &c.

Thursday Evening.

O GOD! we desire to come into Thy blessed presence on this the evening of another day,—thanking and praising Thy name for the renewed experiences we have had of Thy faithfulness and love. Another day of mercy and grace has been added to those which have preceded it. We rejoice to look back on the way by which Thou hast hitherto led us and fed us—guarding us from temptation, supporting us in trouble, disappointing our fears, and realizing our hopes. We bless Thee for our creation, for our preservation, for all the blessings of this life, but above all for Thine inestimable gift, JESUS the Son of Thy love. Enable us this Evening, like the believing sinner of old, to touch by faith the hem of His garment, and get the bene-

diction pronounced over us, "Your sins are all forgiven you, go in peace." Let us be drawing fresh supplies for every exigency out of the fountain of His grace and love, knowing from blessed experience that He is equal for all exigencies and all contingencies, that there is a fulness in His boundless treasury to meet all wants and minister to all necessities.

It is our desire, blessed GOD, to lie passive in Thy hands. Whether Thou chasten us or gladden us, whether prosperity or adversity be ours—oh bring us nearer Thee. Give us anything but Thy displeasure. Save us from the bitterest of all trials, the removal of Thy grace—the loss of Thy favor.

When we cannot fathom the mystery of Thy dealings, may faith repose in Thine unchanging faithfulness. May we feel sweetly assured that all things are working together for our good. What

is mystery and enigma here, will be unfolded and unravelled hereafter. Now, we see often but a dim reflection of Thy love, but the river of the Water of Life above, will not only be ever flowing, but it will be clear as crystal, and we shall see "face to face."

Give us grace meanwhile to live as the expectants of this better inheritance. Let us walk through life's journey cheered with Thy propitiated smile; enable us at the hour of death, in the assurance of Thy love, to fall asleep! When the Great Book of our sins is opened at last, may we see them all obliterated in the blood of Jesus—sought for, but found no more!

[Take each and all of our family under Thy special protection. Thou better and tenderer than the best of earthly parents be the guide and protector of our children. Let this be their highest boast and ambition to be the children of the living GOD. May their hearts be early

given to Thee, and by holy and consistent lives, may they glorify their Father in Heaven.]

We pray for Thy cause and kingdom everywhere. Give Thy Son the Heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the Earth for His possession. Take to Thyself Thy great power and reign. May there soon be voices heard saying, the Kingdoms of this world have become the one Kingdom of our Lord and of His CHRIST.

LORD all our desires are before Thee; all our hope is in Thy mercy, all our happiness is in Thy favor. Abide with us for it is toward evening and the day is far spent, and when our evenings and mornings shall merge into everlasting day, be Thou still our "All in all," for the sake of JESUS CHRIST, Thine only Son, our Saviour. *Amen.*

Friday Morning.

O LORD, we adore Thee as GOD over all, blessed for evermore! Thou art the former of our bodies and the Father of our spirits, the GOD in whom we live and move and have our being. All we are and all we have is derived from Thee. There is nothing which we have that we have not received. O give us the blessing of grateful hearts, feeling that the least blessing we have is unmerited on our part, and a gift of free grace on Thine.

We come anew, glorying in the finished work of our adorable Surety. Thou art, O GOD, in Him waiting to be gracious—Thou delightest in mercy. There are no repentings in Thy love, no altered tones, no fitful affection. Thy ways in this respect are not as man's. We bless Thee

that thou art not changeable as we are, else we should long ere now have been consumed.

May the unwavering eye of faith be kept on JESUS—and we can sink no more! How many have entrusted their eternal all on the finished work of Him, the fragrance of whose merits fills Heaven, and still "as a Prince He has power with GOD"—still for us, He "prevails."

Blessed JESUS, we are complete in Thee; we have nothing to pay for, for Thou hast *paid* all. We have nothing to do, for Thou hast *done* all. We have nothing to procure for Thou hast *procured* all. Everlasting forgiveness—everlasting righteousness—everlasting union and communion with Thee now and evermore. Oh keep us ever in this state of conscious dependence on thee. To Thee we look for everything. Save us from every false confidence Pursue us out of self. Let us, while living in the world, live above it.

Educate us for eternity. Let Thy Spirit be our teacher—let Thy word be our guide—let thy will be our sovereign motive—let Thy glory be our ultimate end. Let us make religion the principal thing—the one thing needful. Let us not live content with indefinite hopes of final safety. Let us not live half-way to Thee, with an eye to both worlds, and thus infallibly to forfeit both. Let our motto be "Pilgrims and strangers on the earth,"—"we desire a better country."

Give us a salutary sense of the uncertainty of life. May we feel that the great secret of existence is to be in an habitual state of preparedness for a dying hour. We know not what may be before us. Oh to be living, so that the step between us and death, may be a step between us and glory!

Bless all connected with us by whatever tie. May we be able to love all our friends in Thee. May there be ties bind-

ing us together which will survive the uncertain ones of earth. Whether those who are now bending with us around thy throne or those who are absent, may an ever-present GOD be with them, guiding them by His grace, defending them from temptation, fitting them by the salutary dealings of His providence for the varied duties of the present life, and for the joys of His saints in glory everlasting.

Bless the lambs of thy flock. [More especially those now before Thee.] We commend them to the Great Shepherd of the sheep, beseeching Him to make them perfect and to fold them in the arms of His mercy. We put ourselves, blessed God, in Thy hands. May all our doings this day, begun, carried on, and ended in Thee, redound, through JESUS, to Thy praise and glory! *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The grace of our Lord, &c.

Friday Evening.

O LORD our GOD, we desire to bow this night before the footstool of Thine eternal throne, adoring Thy holy name for all Thy great goodness. What are we that we should be permitted to come before Thy sacred presence, or take Thy thrice blessed name into our sinful and polluted lips. Thou hast not dealt with us after our sins, but after the superabundance of Thy rich and undeserved mercy.

Thou art the Author of our being, and the source of all that makes existence joyous and happy; Thy favor alone is life. Bereft of Thee, we are bereft indeed.

Enable us to *feel* our sins—to be under a deep and heart-felt consciousness of their heinousness in Thy sight. We are apt to cloak and dissemble them; we are reluc-

tant to make a frank ingenuous confession of all; we are apt to plead our impotency when it is our unwillingness; we are apt to call that our misfortune which is our crime. LORD, we cast ourselves *un*worthy, on the infinite worthiness of Him who is *all*-worthy. For His sake, receive us graciously—love us freely. We rejoice to meditate on the unmeasured depths of His love. We rejoice to think that it is the very same at this hour that it was then. He is loving us now with the same everlasting unchanging tenderness. He is faithful that promised—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." O Thou great Angel of the everlasting covenant, do Thou accept of these our unworthy petitions; perfume them with the incense-cloud which ascends continually from Thy hand. Sanctify us body, soul, and spirit. Make Thy grace sufficient for us. There is no event but has its corresponding promise in Thy sure and well-ordered cov-

enant. Make us altogether what Thou wouldst have us to be. Let us be willing to deny ourselves and take up our cross and follow thee. Let us not look for an unruffled path. May we lay our account with much to humble us and to prove us. Enable us to war a good warfare. Strong in the LORD, and in the power of His might, may we go on our way rejoicing.

Bless Thine own cause and kingdom everywhere. LORD, how long shall the wicked,—how long shall the wicked triumph! Save Thy people, and bless Thine inheritance; feed them also, and lift them up forever. We would look forward to that blessed time when earth shall become one consecrated temple—when every day shall be a Sabbath—every heart an altar, every tongue praise—and JESUS CHRIST owned as LORD, to the Glory of GOD the Father!

GOD of Bethel—Thou GOD of all the families of the earth, who hast promised

to show mercy to thousands of them that love Thee, do Thou bless our household and give to us the heritage of those that fear Thy name. [Bless the children, may they be now locked up in thy casket. May they all be found on the great day, among Thy Jewels. When they go forth into life, may they be enabled by Thy grace to resist temptation, and to beat down Satan under their feet.] Bless young and old, master and servants. Let none of us be left to seek at a dying hour, what may be found and should be sought, *now*.

We would retire to rest this night "at peace with the world, ourselves and Thee," —reposing in Thy gracious providence,— beseeching Thee, if it be thy will, to spare us to see the light and to enjoy the comforts of a new day, through JESUS CHRIST our only Saviour. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of Our Lord, &c

Saturday Morning.

Most blessed GOD, whose nature and whose name is Love; we Thy dependant creatures desire to draw near this morning to the footstool of Thy throne. Vouchsafe us, we entreat Thee, Thy presence. We would begin this day with Thee. We would enter on all its duties supplicating Thy favor, feeling that that favor is life, and that all the happiness the world can give cannot compensate for the want of Thy blessing.

We approach with deep humility. LORD we are vile, what shall we answer Thee? Ours is not only the guilt of rebels, but the ingratitude of children. We have abused the care and the kindness of the best and most beneficent of Parents. We have *known* our doings to

be sinful, and yet we have persevered in them. We have *known* what was in accordance with Thy will, and yet we have not followed it. We marvel that Thou hast borne with us so long, that Thou hast not consigned us without mercy to the doom of the cumberer.

We would look away from ourselves unto Him who is our only Redeemer. We cast ourselves undone at His feet, feeling that if we are saved it must be by Him alone. Oh may we regard it as the mightiest and the grandest of all objects—to live for JESUS. May our holy and consistent walk betoken the power and influence of renewed affections. Let us seek, as Thy stewards, to fill our sphere whatever it may be; to "adorn the doctrine of GOD our Saviour" just in the station in which His providence has placed us—feeling the happiness of an active and devoted obedience. Expel from us whatever is unholy. May we have no truce with sin, no

tampering with trivial offences. Purge away all dross. Let us walk as the expectants of a glorious immortality. May we feel that we are Pilgrims, soon to be done with the world, and soon to be at home with GOD. O be Thou our constant guide in all our journeyings. Let us never pitch our tent but where Thou directest. Let us never hesitate when and where Thou callest us. Let us not arraign the Sovereign appointments and allotments of infinite love. All the circumstances of life—its joys and its sorrows—its comforts and crosses—all are arranged and ordained for us in adorable mercy and ineffable wisdom. Thou LORD canst make no mistake. Man may err, Thou canst not. Our way might have been all strewn with thorns, but it has been paved with love. Give us to see written over every trying hour of the future—"So shall thy strength be."

Bless all near and dear to us. Defend our friends by Thy mighty power. Sur

round them with Thy favor as with a shield, and bring them at last to the enjoyment of Thine immediate presence. Bless especially those now before Thee. [May our childen be the objects of Thy love, and the subjects of Thy grace; may they be enabled to say "Our Father, Thou shalt be the guide of our youth."] We commend each and all of us this day to Thy keeping. Let us enter upon its duties with our souls stayed on Thee; seeking to show to the world that we have avouched Thee the LORD to be our GOD. And all that we ask is in the name and for the sake of the LORD JESUS, in whose name and words we would further call Thee—

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of Our Lord, &c.

Saturday Evening.

O GOD ALMIGHTY, Thou Sovereign Proprietor of the Universe, do Thou bow Thine ear, as on this the close of another day,—when another week of mercy is receding,—we venture to approach the throne of the heavenly grace. Father! we have sinned against Heaven and in Thy sight, we are no more worthy to be called Thy children. Long ere now mightest Thou have turned away Thy face from us, and our prayer from Thee. We are wonders to ourselves that we are still spared. What sins on our part, yet nothing but forbearance on Thine. What aggravated ingratitude on our part, yet the LORD "multiplying" to pardon! What sinning against privilege—slighting warning—

grieving Thy Spirit, and yet for all this, Thy hand of mercy is stretched out still!

LORD we desire to remember how it is we are thus preserved. It is all in the Son of Thy love; for His work's sake—His obedience and righteousness sake. But for Him, this must have been our awful history—"without GOD—without hope." We plead anew His finished atonement. It is all we require, living or dying. We would glory in nothing but His cross. He is a complete Saviour, and we are complete in Him. Give us to know the blessedness of the words, "No condemnation." Let us not rest, until with appropriating faith, we can say, "We know whom we have believed, and we are persuaded He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him." "He loved *us*, and gave Himself for *us*."

May Thy HOLY SPIRIT take of the things that are CHRIST'S and show them unto our souls. May He touch our hearts

as with a live coal from off Thy holy altar. May He sanctify us—body, soul, and spirit. If led often to mourn over our dulness and coldness and lukewarmness here, may it be ours to look forward to that coming day of glory, when every thought and every desire will be in perfect unison with the mind of the adorable GOD—when there shall be nothing to mar the *joy* of entire and undivided consecration to Thy service.

Bless our beloved friends both near and at a distance, may they all be equally near to Thee; may there be no separation between them and Thy favor. May each of us feel that the great and all-important secret of existence is to be living in constant and habitual preparation for eternity. Let us cast anchor now within the veil, that we may not know what it is at the hour of death to be left to the mercy of the storm.

Pity a careless ungodly world—arrest the spread of impiety—establish the reign

of purity and righteousness. Give us grace to be faithful among the faithless; resolving that whatever others do, as for us, we will serve the LORD.

Be with us this night. Watch over us as we sleep. May night after night of calm and refreshing slumber be to us the emblem of that better rest above, when in perfect security, we shall dwell in the house of the LORD forever. Prepare us for the solemn services of Thy holy day. Attune our minds for its holy calm. May each recurring Sabbath, as it finds us farther on in our pilgrimage find us nearer glory; and all that we ask is for the Redeemer's sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

SECOND WEEK.

Sunday Morning.

Most gracious GOD, who hast in Thy good providence again permitted us to see the light of Thy Holy Sabbath—do Thou draw near to us in Thy great mercy. Thou hast dispersed the darkness of another natural night, may the Sun of Righteousness arise upon us with healing in His beams. May our fellowship this day, be with the Father and with His Son JESUS CHRIST. May all sinful and unworthy thoughts be repressed. May the world be excluded, that we may be alone with GOD.

We thank Thee for the stated return of this season of holy calm when away from the feverish anxieties of earth, we may give

heed to the things which concern our everlasting peace. In the shadow of Thy wings we would rejoice!

We bless Thee for the great truth which this day, more especially commemorates, that JESUS has burst the bands of the grave and triumphed over principalities and powers. The LORD is risen! He hath satisfied all the demands of GOD'S holy law, finished transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in an everlasting righteousness. The LORD is risen! He hath fully vanquished all our foes, Satan's power is overthrown, and the kingdom of heaven is opened to all believers. May we be enabled this day, to rise by faith with our risen LORD, and walk with Him in newness of life.

We take refuge anew, at the foot of the cross. Guilty, weak, worthless, perishing, we come to Him who is "the guiltless One," bringing infinite unworthiness to infinite merit and all sufficiency. Wash us, Oh

wash us, blessed Saviour, in the fountain of Thy blood. May Thy grace bring us and keep us nearer Thee. Nothing in ourselves, may we possess all things in JESUS. Self-abased, and self-emptied, may we be "complete in Him."

Let us cleave unto Him with full purpose of heart. Let there be no halting between two opinions. Let us ever bear about with us the recollection that time is short. Let us live as if this Sabbath were to be our last. May a sacred spirit pervade all its services. Let the gleanings of the Sabbath form the food of our souls during the week. May something that we shall hear this day come home with power to our hearts, and form a hallowed preservative against the world's snares, and dangers, and temptations.

We pray for those who dishonor Thy Sabbaths, and profane Thy holy name, who reject the offers of Thy grace, and continue in alienation and sin. Ere the door of

mercy is forever shut, do Thou turn them from their wickedness, point them to JESUS, and show them that "neither is there salvation in any other." Unfold to them the fearfulness of meeting Thee as they are, unpardoned and unreconciled. Let them know the preciousness of that precious assurance, "He is able to save unto the uttermost."

Thou GOD of all consolation, draw near to the afflicted. Abundantly sanctify Thy dealings. Stay Thy rough wind in the day of Thy east wind. May this thought silence every murmur, "He that spared not His own Son, but freely gave Him up unto death for us all, how shall He not with Him also, freely give us all things."

GOD of Bethel, do Thou bless all related to us by endearing bonds of earthly affection. May they evermore have affiance in Thee. Shepherd of Israel! Thou who leadest Joseph like a flock, may they

be safe under Thy tender guidance, and repose in Thy love. [Bless our children, pour Thy rich grace into their hearts. Let them not fall a prey to the allurements and enticements of a present evil world, but may they walk as seeing Thee, who art invisible.]

Let Thy mercy, O GOD, be upon us, according as we hope in Thee; and when our Sabbaths on earth are ended, may ours, at last, be an unending Sabbath in Thy presence and favor. And all that we ask is in the name and for the sake of Him whom Thou hearest always, and to whom with Thee the Father, and Thee, O Eternal Spirit, one GOD, be ascribed all blessing and honor, and glory and praise, world without end. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Sunday Evening.

ALMIGHTY AND EVERLASTING GOD, we desire to draw near to the footstool of Thy throne of grace, thanking Thee for all the mercies of the past day. We will set up our Ebenezer of gratitude, and say, "The LORD hath helped us." We bless Thee that Thou hast permitted us, once more, on earth, to enjoy the rest and the quiet of Thy holy Sabbath; that again we have been invited to hush worldly disquietudes and cares, and have our minds stayed on GOD. Pardon whatever Thou hast seen amiss in our approaches to Thee. May our persons and our services be accepted in the Beloved. May they be perfumed with the fragrance of His adorable merits.

We desire anew this night to repair to

the same opened fountain. We disown all trust in ourselves. Other refuge, other righteousness we have none. Our helpless souls hang in simple dependence on the finished work of JESUS. We are safe only when clinging to the horns of the blood-besprinkled altar. Give us to know the inward joy of being at peace with Thee. Happiness is a stranger to the heart that is a stranger to GOD. Nothing but Thy love can fill up its aching voids. Every blessing we would desire to connect with Thee. Every rill of creative bounty we would trace to Thyself its fountain head. Every cross and loss we would, with unmurmuring lips, submit to, as the appointment of Thy wisdom. The roughest path we would tread if Thou leadest us there!

May all Thy dealings toward us issue in our sanctification. May our hearts be becoming holier and better. Transform us from day to day, and from week to

week, more into the image of Thy Son, that we may at last be presented faultless before the presence of Thy glory with exceeding joy.

We pray for all who may have worshipped with us this day. May grace, mercy, and peace be upon them, and upon the whole Israel of GOD. Bless Thy ministering servants, more especially those who have spoken unto us Thy blessed word. Out of the abundance of their hearts, may their lips ever speak; may they ever hear the sound of their Shepherd's voice, and be workmen needing not to be ashamed.

Extend Thy cause and kingdom everywhere. May the glorious Gospel of the grace of God speedily triumph over all the pride, and reason, and will-worship, and delusion of man. Arise, O GOD, and plead Thine own cause. May it long be our blessed privilege to repair without let or hinderance to the living waters of

Eternal Salvation. Continue to us the bliss of unbroken Sabbaths, and quiet sanctuaries, and peaceful communions.

Bless our family. O Thou, who didst bring from the dead the LORD JESUS, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting Covenant, do Thou make them all perfect to do Thy will, working in them that which is well-pleasing in Thy sight. May each one be found among Thy sealed myriads at last, —members of the white-robed multitude who shall "go no more out." May our friends who are at a distance from us, be protected and guarded by Thy gracious providence. "The Lord watch between them and us when we are absent one from another;"—may *their* names also be written among "the living in Jerusalem." Teach us all to be walking as Pilgrims and strangers on the earth—sojourners as all our Fathers were—looking for that blessed hope, even the glorious appearing of the

great GOD our SAVIOUR. May we pass the time of our sojourning here in fear—prepared for whatever may be Thy will concerning us—for health or for sickness—for joy or for sorrow—for life or for death.

As the curtains of night are now drawing around us, be pleased to grant us Thy guardian care. Shepherd of Israel, may Thy wakeful, sleepless eye be upon us. May the shadows of this night's darkness be to us only as the shadow of Thy wings. Shield soul and body by Thy mighty power. Lying down in Thy fear, may we awake in Thy favor, fitted for all the calls and duties of a new day. And all this we ask for the sake of JESUS CHRIST, our only Saviour. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Monday Morning.

O LORD, Thou art glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, continually doing wonders. We marvel to think that the greatest of all Beings can stoop to hear our prayers, and listen to our wants. It is because Thou art God and not man, that we are still in the land of the living, and in the place of hope. We have done everything to weary Thee with our multiplied provocations. We have been living in a state of guilty atheism. We have left Thy bounty unacknowledged—Thy love unrequited. We mourn our unthankful hearts, our ungodly lives, our deep corruptions, our utter selfishness. Impress us with the sense of our guilt. Let us not be blinded to its turpitude, or become hardened and insensible to its power. Let us feel it is

no light matter to sin against GOD, and to be living in daily unconcern of His great mercies. Sinners—the chief of sinners—we can flee to none other than a waiting and willing Redeemer. But blessed be Thy name, He *is* waiting to be gracious. All the mighty load of our guilt we transfer to this adorable Surety. He has already borne it all. He has satisfied all the holy requirements of Thy righteous law. As our Kinsman and Elder Brother He is now within the veil, as willing as He ever was, to save unto the uttermost.

While we look to Him as the LORD our Righteousness, may we know Him also as the Lord our strength. May we imbibe more of His blessed Spirit. May we be learners at His feet—learning to deny ourselves—to bear all that He chooses, without a murmuring word. Blessed JESUS! Thou *hast* all—*art* all and canst do all for us. Be Thou everything *to* us—and everything *for* us—and everything

in us. We desire to bury our sins in the ocean-depths of Thy love. May we be enabled to advance in holiness as we follow the footsteps of Thine unsullied life—to reflect Thy purity. May religion penetrate with its leavening power every daily duty. May we act under the feeling "we are not our own"—Consecrated soul and body to the LORD who died for us, may life become one tribute and offering to Thy praise. May we leave nothing to a dying hour, but to die at peace with Thee, and to have our souls filled with hopes of Heaven.

LORD bless our friends—reward our benefactors—forgive our enemies. May our household ever have Thy gracious benediction resting upon it. May every member of our family, near and at a distance, have the seal of GOD on their foreheads, and be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting Pour Thy rich grace into the hearts of the young. Oh let them not suffer golden moments to pass by

misimproved. Preserve them from the snares of a wicked world. Let them know the happiness of living at peace with Thee.

Look in kindness on the sick, the sorrowful, the aged, the bereaved, and the dying. Accommodate Thy grace to their varied wants and trials. Let them take refuge in the very arms that are chastising them, rejoicing that the thread of life is in Thy hands.

Hear these our humble prayers. And may the grace of the LORD JESUS, and the love of GOD, and the communion and fellowship of the HOLY SPIRIT, be with us all, now and ever. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Monday Evening.

MOST GRACIOUS GOD, Father of all mercies, GOD of our salvation, we desire this evening to approach the footstool of Thy Throne of Grace. We would end another day of mercy with the tribute of grateful hearts. What shall we render unto Thee for all Thy benefits? Never for a solitary moment hast Thou withdrawn from us Thy hand of love. We may well have no anxious thought about the morrow, when we have such a GOD on whom to cast "all our cares," and who has given us in the past so many wondrous proofs that "He careth for us!"

We desire anew to cast ourselves on the merits and righteousness of Thy dear Son. May this be the history of each of us, "the Chief of Sinners, *but* I obtained mercy!"

That mercy has been bestowed on guilty thousands, and it is still free to us. We take refuge in the unchanging assurance that "He is able to save unto the uttermost."

O LORD, take these hearts of ours and make them Thine. May our inmost thoughts, and desires, and purposes, be dedicated to Thy glory. May we be living as the expectants of immortality, walking worthy of the Lord unto all well-pleasing, being fruitful in every good word and work. May our time and talents be laid out for Thee, that when our LORD cometh He may receive His own with usury.

Bless all the family of the afflicted. The God of all consolation, bind up their wounds. Keep them from a hasty spirit, under dark dispensations. Let them know and believe that infinite love is in all Thine arrangements, that finite wisdom has no place in Thy dealings, that He with whom

they have to do, cannot do wrong. LORD, give us all this lowly spirit of submission to Thy will. Whether Thou chasten us, or gladden us, whether prosperity or adversity be our portion, oh bring us nearer Thee. May Thy dealings serve to trim the lamp of faith and keep it brightly burning.

Extend Thy covering wings over all whom we love. May none of our friends be unbefriended by Thee. Bless our own immediate household—sprinkle its lintels with the blood of Jesus. [Write the names of servants and of children in the Lamb's book of life.] May we all at last be included in the closing invitation to His church, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world!" Soon the tale of life will be told. Oh that we might all be living in the joyful expectancy of a *better* life. May our lives now be hid with CHRIST in GOD, that

when CHRIST, who is our life, shall appear, we may also appear with Him in glory.

Watch Thou over us during the unconscious hours of sleep. May we close our eyes at peace with thee, and awake refreshed and invigorated for the duties of a new day.

Hear these our unworthy petitions, and when Thou hearest, forgive, and grant us an answer in peace, for the Redeemer's sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c

Tuesday Morning.

O THOU ETERNAL JEHOVAH—KING of Kings, and LORD of Lords, enable us to draw nigh unto Thee, this morning, rejoicing that we have such a Throne of Grace ever open—that through the merits of Thy dear Son, our only Saviour, we can be received, and welcomed, and loved. Ere we enter on the day's duties, may a shower of heavenly blessing descend to refresh our souls. If we are blessed by Thee, we must be blest indeed.

We confess our great unworthiness—our sins of thought, word, and action—our sins of omission and commission—our sins against light, and privilege, and providence, and grace.

We cast our every burden upon Him

who hath "borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." May we dismiss all our own guilty dependence, all our own sinful misgivings, and cast ourselves on His grace and strength. We rejoice in Him as "God only wise!" We would hear His directing voice in all the devious paths of life. Hold Thou us up, blessed JESUS, and we shall be safe. Thou doest all things well, and nothing but what *is* well. Let us rely on Thy guiding arm. Let us merge our wills in Thine, and with the teachableness of little children be willing to say—LORD, undertake thou for us. We will lean upon Thee for little things as well as for great things, in trifles as well as in emergencies. In the shadow of Thy wings we have in the past rejoiced, and we will trust Thee still—Oh let us never lose sight, in the midst of earth's cares and pursuits, of our immortal destinies. Let us wear more of the Pilgrim Spirit. Let us have more weanedness of Soul--the

eye more upwards—the footsteps more onwards. Let us not forego fleeting opportunities. May we feel that with many of us it may be now or never. In every Providence may we hear, as it were, an angel's voice saying to us, "Why sleep ye, arise! let us be going," "the night is far spent, the day is at hand." May each be led in our respective spheres, to ask, LORD what wouldst Thou have us to do? Let us all seek to do *something*, and if we are forbidden to do much in the way of active service, may we endeavor to exhibit the impressive tenor of a holy life, desiring to leaven even our commoner duties with the fear of GOD.

Bless the members of this household. May they walk before Thee with a perfect heart. May the young be enabled to adorn the doctrine of GOD their Saviour in all things. May the servants be enabled to live out and act out the lofty motto—"We serve the LORD CHRIST."

Bless our native land. Bless all in authority. May righteousness run down our streets as a mighty stream. May that glorious day soon arrive, when the wilderness and the solitary place shall be made glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. O LORD revive Thy work in the midst of the years.

We commend ourselves to Thee. Guide us—provide for us—go before us. Let us have the conscious assurance that GOD is for us, and then none can be against us.

And now, LORD, what wait we for? our hope is in Thee. We have no care of our own, we cast our cares upon Him who careth for us. Prepare us for living—prepare us for dying. And all we ask is for the LORD JESUS CHRIST'S sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Tuesday Evening.

O LORD we desire to draw near to the footstool of Thine Eternal Throne. We have been permitted to discharge the duties of another day. We bless Thee for all the renewed proofs we have had of Thy care and kindness. Multitudes have this day been pining in sickness and racked with pain, laid on beds of languishing and death—we are still among the living to praise Thee! But far above all Thine other gifts we bless Thee for Thine inestimable love in the Redemption of a lost and fallen world, for the means of grace and for the hopes of glory. We bless Thee that JESUS Thy well-beloved Son has brought in an everlasting righteousness—that He has magnified Thy law, and made it honorable—that even

the dark valley has been lighted up with His love, and the gate of Heaven opened to all believers.

Discover to us the depths of our depravity, unveil to us the secret pride, and selfishness, and worldliness of our hearts. Show to us our besetting sins. Let us see their vileness in the cross of Thy dear Son. May our hearts become living altars, and our lives living sacrifices; yielding our members as instruments of righteousness unto holiness, may we serve Thee in newness of spirit.

LORD, we know the proneness of the natural heart to put off the solemn consideration of the one thing needful. Many have lived with good intentions and yet have perished; let it not be so with us; let us live with the conscious feeling that a vast immortality lieth before us.

Let us not be slumbering and sleeping; let us not be among the number of the presumptuous ones, who are saying, "the

LORD delayeth His coming." Let us be ever ready, ever watching with the girded loins and burning lamps, so that when the summons shall come "Arise, let us be going," we may be ready with the response, "Lo! this is our GOD, we have waited for Him."

May the seal of Thy covenant mercy rest this evening on all now before Thee. [Master and servant, parents and children, young and old.] Every night as it gathers its shadows around us, reminds us of the approach of the long night of death. May it lead us to think of the awakening time in that glorious morning when in the full vision and fruition of GOD, earth's shadows and darkness shall forever flee away.

Bless the aged, may Thy favor and love be to their hoary hairs a crown of glory. Bless the young, may they early know what are alone the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace. Bless the

afflicted—the bereaved—the forsaken—the dying; may they know Him who hath said "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Give us all grace to trust Thee implicitly even when Thy dealings cross our own purposes and frustrate our wills. Thou lovest us too well to let us have our own way. Let us know no will but Thine—following Thy guiding footsteps, may we say, "The LORD is our Shepherd, we shall not want." Watch over us, blessed LORD, this night. May Thy good angels encamp round about us. Give us refreshing sleep, even the sleep of Thy beloved; may we lie down to rest in Thy fear, and awake in Thy favor; and all that we ask is in the name of Him who, while he was on earth, taught us thus to pray, saying,

Our Father &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Wednesday Morning.

O GOD ALMIGHTY, — KING of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Thou art the Maker, Monarch, Proprietor, and Judge of all. We approach Thee as our Covenant GOD and Father, trusting in the name and merits of our adorable Redeemer. What mercy it is, that we have such a refuge to repair to! that amid our own faithlessness we have such a faithful saying as this, "that JESUS CHRIST came into the world to save the chief of sinners." We renounce all dependence on ourselves —wretched and miserable, and poor and blind, and naked—we take Thee as all our salvation and all our desire.

Blessed GOD, we are no judges of what is good for us—what blessings are best to receive—what fancied good is best with-

holden. We would often seek what is not for our well-being; but we rejoice in the infinite wisdom and unutterable tenderness manifested in all thine allotments. Let us ever feel contented with this assurance, regarding each and all, "This also cometh from the LORD of hosts." May we live conscious of the predominating motive of love to Thee. May we seek in every providence to hear Thy voice, in every event to read Thy will. May we refuse to listen where Thou dost not speak to us. Where Thy voice is heard may there be the willing response, "Lord, here am I." May we feel Thy favor lightening every cross and lessening every care. LORD, give us more of the simplicity of little children. Keep us watchful and humble, and thankful. Keep us from pride and vain-glory; from all envy and uncharitableness; from all evil surmisings and unkind insinuations; all that would exalt ourselves at the expense of others. May

we learn to esteem others better than ourselves.

Look in great mercy on all the family of sorrow. Blessed LORD who wert Thyself the Man of sorrows, do Thou whisper gently to them, "I am JESUS." Man's sympathy can go but a short way;—Thine can vibrate to every cord of the broken spirit. Teach us all in the midst of health and strength to prepare for the hour of adversity. There is nothing permanent here. The most secure fabric of earthly happiness may in a moment be swept down. Give us to know what it is to look to a strong tower which cannot be shaken, but remains. We are in our true rest if we are in Thee. Do Thou gladden our pathway through life. May we be lighted through the dark valley with the torch of Thy love, and may we know Thee at last true to Thy promise, "The LORD GOD is a Sun and Shield—the LORD will give grace and glory."

GOD of Bethel, we commend our family to Thy care—all related to us by whatever tie. Seal to them an interest in the everlasting covenant. [Bless the young. May they know the happiness of those who fear Thee. Great Shepherd of the Sheep! preserve them from the snares of a world lying in wickedness. May they be early "taught of GOD," and so inherit Thine own promise to such—"Great shall be their peace."]

Take us under Thy love this day. "Keep us, oh! keep us, KING of Kings, beneath Thine own overshadowing wings." May all our duties be gladdened with a sense of Thy presence and love. May we have a single eye in all we think and say and do to the glory of Him, in whose most precious words we would farther pray—saying,

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of Our Lord, &c.

Wednesday Evening.

O ETERNAL EVERLASTING GOD, Fountain of all happiness, GOD of all grace, we desire to acknowledge with grateful hearts Thine undeserved mercies. Thou hast made our cup to overflow with blessings. From the very threshold of our being, Thou hast been our Protector and Guardian — Thou hast shielded us from unknown dangers—Thou hast warded off unseen calamities—Thou hast exempted us from bitter trials—no earthly friend could have loved us and cared for us like Thee—we are the monuments of a kindness as amazing as it is undeserved.

We bless Thee for the liberty of access at all times into Thy sacred presence. All our askings cannot be above our wants, for we need everything; but Thou hast prom-

sed in JESUS, Thine own dear Son, to make us perfect and entire, wanting nothing. Anew as helpless, hopeless, friendless, portionless, we cast ourselves on Him who is help, and hope, and friend, and portion to all who seek Him. We can have no satisfying trust but in His pardoning, peace-imparting blood. Oh sprinkle these guilty polluted hearts with it. Hide us in the clefts of the smitten Rock. Let us not live another hour in conscious distance and estrangement from Thee, our GOD; but bring us nigh by the power of Thy divine grace and Spirit. We mourn our guilty departures, our coldness and insensibility. Nothing in ourselves, we look for everything in Thee. Let Thy wondrous patience and kindness lead us to repentance. We are here this night a comment on Thine own gracious declaration—"I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, but rather that he would turn from his wickedness and live." Turn

Thou us, LORD, and we shall be turned; draw us and we shall run after Thee. Let us not deceive ourselves any longer with a name to live. May every thought and affection, and feeling, and temper, be brought into captivity to the obedience of JESUS. May we love what He loves and hate what He hates. May we know the happiness of true holiness, and experience somewhat of the joy of angels, in doing Thy holy will on earth as they do it in Heaven. Fill us with all joy and peace in believing, that we may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.

Bless our family and friends; may ours be a household where the GOD of salvation dwells. May every member of it be zealous in the promotion of Thy glory. As our moments are gliding swiftly by, may we all be up and doing. Forbid that any among us should be found seeking oil when the lamp of life is going out. Do Thou, even now, good LORD, from Thine

own mercy-seat replenish our empty vessels —our cry would be, "more grace! more grace!" Let us all be living with a dying hour in view. Let us die daily to sin, and live daily to GOD, that when the hour of our earthly departure arrives, it may be to all of us the birth-day of a new life, in glory everlasting.

We ask all these manifold blessings, for ourselves and for others, in the name and for the sake of our adorable LORD and Saviour, who is now within the veil; where with Thee, O Eternal Father, and Thee, O ever-blessed Comforter, three in one, in covenant for our redemption, He ever liveth and reigneth, world without end. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Thursday Morning.

O GOD, another day has in mercy dawned upon us. We desire to enter on its every duty, with minds sanctified by Thy grace, and seeking that throughout it, all our doings may be ordered by Thy governance, that we may be enabled to do those things that are pleasing in Thy sight and to promote the glory of Thy Holy name.

We bless Thee for all the loving kindness Thou hast hitherto made to pass before us. The past is one life-long experience of patience and forbearance. From our earliest infancy Thy protecting hand has been around us—shielding us from unseen dangers, "preventing us with the blessings of Thy goodness." We are the miracles of Thy providence, and the monuments of Thy grace. We bless Thee especially for

JESUS, Thine unspeakable gift What poor miserable, helpless creatures we should have been forever, but for Him. But He is both willing and able, and *as* willing as he is able. Oh let us not erect barriers to His free love and grace when He erects none. Let us not be inventing the vain excuses which pride and self-righteousness suggest, when He is throwing wide open the doors of mercy and proclaiming "as I live, I have no pleasure in the death of Him that dieth."

Let us no longer be rocked asleep by our sins,—enjoying the means of grace yet trifling with convictions. Let us live for immortality. May we "occupy" till our LORD comes. Let each feel that we have a sphere to fill, and a part to act. Let us all try to witness for GOD, by the testimony of a holy life. May this be our habitual motto—"what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?"

We commend, gracious GOD to Thee, all the family of affliction. Take them to the inner chambers of Thy Covenan faithfulness, and speak comfortably unto them. It is behind the cloud Thou often speakest most tenderly—teaching precious lessons which in no way else could be taught. Let Thy suffering people wait till they hear the "still small voice." It may tarry—but let them wait for it; calling upon Thee in the day of trouble, and experiencing Thy delivering hand, may they be led to "glorify Thee." Teach us all to be giving the season of health and strength to "the GOD of our life;" that when the night cometh, we may be enabled to resign the trust of existence to its great Proprietor—and say, "now, LORD, lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace."

Bless our beloved friends; forbid that any one of them should be found wanting on the day when Thou makest up Thy jewels. May they all be set as gems in

Immanuel's crown, and be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at his second appearing.

The LORD be with us this day; may the everlasting arms be underneath and round about us; may we be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the LORD; looking forward with joyful hearts to that better world where we shall have no contrariety of mind to Him, when we shall be *with* GOD and *like* GOD, serving Him without distraction; and where sin and sorrow are no more felt and dreaded. And all that we ask is for JESUS' sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Thursday Evening.

O GOD, we bless Thee for Thy great mercy, that we are again permitted to approach the Throne of the Heavenly grace. Many have been summoned this day into eternity. We have been spared. The curtains of night have again fallen around us in peace.

We bless Thee for the continuance of health and strength, and many outward blessings. We bless Thee for the crowning mercy of all—JESUS Thine unspeakable gift. We rejoice to think that all the perfections of GOD are addressing us from His cross with the voice of welcome; that Thou art in Him reconciling a lost world unto Thyself;—that though thousands of needy outcast suppliants have repaired to Him, yet still the Fountain of

His blood is free as ever. This is still His name and memorial—"Mighty to save."

LORD, we come to Thee, casting our infinite demerits and sins on His infinite and all-sufficient righteousness. Wash every guilty stain away. Forgive our sins of omission and sins of commission. May the Angel be caused to fly swiftly and touch us in this the time of our evening oblation. One day's transgressions are enough to condemn us. There is nothing but the sacrifice and continual intercession of our Great High Priest, between us and everlasting destruction. It is His free and all-powerful grace alone that, from hour to hour averts from us temptations which we could have no strength in ourselves to resist. O GOD, in mercy, deny us not this grace of Thine. May we ourselves be sober and vigilant, ever on the watch-tower, guarding every loop-hole most open to the assaults of our great enemy. In all time of our tribulation—in all time of our

wealth, in the hour of death, and at the day of Judgment, good LORD deliver us.

Come forth out of Zion, and turn away ungodliness from Jacob. Instruct the ignorant—reclaim the wanderer—save the obdurate and impenitent. Oh convince them, ere it be too late, that there is no loss comparable to the loss of the soul—to be left Godless and hopeless, and portionless forever! Point them to the Lamb of GOD—cleanse them in the atoning blood—make them the monuments of Thine adorable mercy. Look down in kindness on all who are in affliction. Draw near to those who may be bereaved of near and dear friends;—be Thou to them better than the name of Son or Daughter, or any earthly relative;—may they know that He is faithful that promised—"*I* will never leave Thee nor forsake thee."

Bless all our beloved friends; write their names in the Lamb's Book of Life; may the pillar of Thy presence go before them;

may it never leave them till it leaves them in glory.

Bless our own family, may every name be set in the breastplate of the true Aaron. [Bless the children, may they all be taught of the LORD, and great shall be their peace.] Bless the servants, may they walk before Thee with a perfect heart as seeing Him who is invisible.

May the ALMIGHTY wings overshadow us during the silent watches of the night, and when we awake, may we awake to praise Thee, and to use the powers and the talents committed to us, to Thy glory. And all that we ask is for the sake of JESUS CHRIST, our blessed LORD and SAVIOUR. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Friday Morning.

OUR FATHER who art in Heaven, what are we, sinful dust and ashes, that we should be permitted, morning after morning, to take Thy name into our lips, and to record nothing but the experience of unmerited mercy? From our earliest years we have been the recipients of Thy bounty. With all a Father's tenderness Thou hast watched over us. We *have* received and we are *still* receiving of the LORD'S hand "double for all our sins."

Anew we draw near in the name of Him whom thou hearest always. "Nothing in our hands we bring"—we would cling "simply to His cross." Empty us of all self-righteousness;—let us feel our deep creature-destitution;—let us stand alone in the finished righteousness of the All

righteous One. We have forfeited all claim to Thy favor. We have turned aside like a deceitful bow—and if we had been left to our own treacherous hearts and wayward-wills, we must long ago have perished.

We are miracles of mercy. We are a comment on Thine own word—"Kept by the power of God." We would trust Thy grace in the future. There is not a corruption we have within us which it is unable to subdue; there is not a cross or trial, or care, but it will enable us to endure. In all our ways, we would acknowledge Thee—do Thou direct our paths. Whatever Thy leadings may be, let us cheerfully confide in their wisdom and faithfulness. Even in *little things* we are poor judges of what is good, but we can trust Thee in *all* things—what is great and what is small, what is dark and what is bright, what is joyous and what is grievous, we will rejoice that *all* is in thy

hands, and all is for the best. May we ever regard sin as our greatest cross and trial—may no temptation assail us, or if it does, give us grace to resist it. May our conversation, our tempers, our affections, our desires, be moderated and regulated after the holy and pure example of our divine LORD and Master. Give us the meekness of spirit which no provocation could ruffle, the forgiveness of injuries which was ever breathed forth amid aggravated ingratitude and cruel scorn.

Bless all the sons and daughters of affliction. LORD, let them view every dark and mysterious providence as an errand of love in disguise; a messenger sent forth from the Eternal Throne, to minister to them who are heirs of salvation. There is no bitter in the cup but of Thy sending—no spark in the furnace but of Thy lighting. May they listen to all as the whisperings of Thy love, and look forward to that time when the sound of their Master's footsteps

shall be heard, and His voice saying, "the days of your mourning are forever ended." May we all live as Pilgrims on the earth. Make us meet for the period when our earthly work and warfare shall cease, and when in unspotted sanctity we shall stand "without fault before the Throne."

LORD, take the charge of each and all of us. May every one of our family have Thine own mark upon them. May the Angel of Thy presence be with us. Vouchsafe to keep us this day without sin. May all our doings be ordered by Thy governance, to do that which is well-pleasing in Thy sight, through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Friday Evening.

O GOD, we again desire to draw near into Thy sacred presence, thanking Thee for the mercies of another day. There is one day's journey less between us and death—may we be nearer Heaven and better prepared for it.

Many souls this day have passed into eternity, their season of grace fled forever. We are still spared. The shadows of another evening have gathered around us. The living—the living—we shall praise Thee, as we do together this night.

We bless Thee especially for the tokens of Thy mercy in JESUS. We bless Thee for His full, free, everlasting salvation.

O set us in the Cleft of the Rock.—Hide us there. Let us feel the blessed security of reposing in His covenant love. "All

fulness" is a blessed assurance to us—that for infinite want there is infinite sufficiency —that for infinite danger there is an infinite salvation.

LORD, give us grace to live worthy of our calling—to adorn the doctrine of our GOD and SAVIOUR. Let His love be the grand animating principle in all our actions. Let us live for His glory. Let our chief desire and delight be to serve Him—our greatest pain to vex and grieve Him. May Heaven be begun within us on earth. Make our affections more elevated —our eye more single—our lives more consistent—religion more the one thing needful. May we rest in the confident persuasion that GOD does all things well, and nothing but what *is* well. May we exercise a child-like acquiescence in present dealings. These may at times be mysterious and chequered, but when we awake in glory—when Thy purposes of love shall be unfolded we shall dwell with adoring grati-

tude on all the way by which Thou hast led us, and say, on the joyful retrospect, "Righteous art Thou, O LORD." Give us grace meanwhile to be living and acting as dying creatures. Let us never lay aside our pilgrim attire or forget our pilgrim character. Let us not be lingerers—dreaming away in guilty unconcern our fleeting moments. May we never turn a deaf ear to the monitory voice—"Work while it is called to-day."

Look in kindness on this household; may they all have the rich and enduring heritage of those that fear Thy name. [Bless the children, may they be taught of GOD.] Bless the servants, may they serve the LORD CHRIST. Bless all our absent friends. Be Thou ever present with them. If there be any still at a distance from Thee, LORD bring them nigh through the blood of the everlasting covenant. Let not one be found wanting at the great day.

We pray for the Church universal. O Thou Great High Priest, who art continually feeding the golden candlesticks with the oil of Thy grace, may every lamp shine only *in* Thee and *for* Thee. May CHRIST be "the all in all" of every church as of every believer. Without Thee, any light that is in us is only darkness. Do Thou promote union among Thy true people. Let them no longer live apart, and act apart, looking coldly and distantly on one another. Feeling that we are all one in CHRIST JESUS, may we love one another with a pure heart fervently; that thus the Church on earth may be a dim reflection of the glorious Church of Thy redeemed in Heaven, where the voice of discord is no more heard. And all that we ask is for JESUS sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Saturday Morning.

O GOD ALMIGHTY, we come anew this morning into Thy sacred presence. Glory be to Thy holy name, that we are again permitted to draw near to the Throne of the Heavenly grace, and to call Thee "our Father." Our pillow last night might have been a pillow of death. We might righteously have found ourselves this morning exiled from Thy presence, knowing Thee only "as the consuming fire." But Thou hast lengthened out our day of grace. We are here among the living to praise Thee. It is of the LORD'S mercies that we are not consumed.

Anew we draw near to the opened fountain;—anew, Gracious Saviour, we plead Thy spotless merits. It was Thine

own sacred errand of love, that which brought Thee from Thy Throne in Heaven, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Do Thou break our chains and usher us into the glorious liberty of Thy people. May we feel there is no real happiness independent of Thee—that all else are walking in a vain show—seeking rest but finding none. But Thou, blessed JESUS, art the strength of our hearts and our portion forever. Leaning on Thine arm—reposing in Thy faithfulness—we will joyfully exclaim "this is our Beloved, and this is our Friend."

Keep us from the absorbing power of earthly things. Let us not be dead to Thee, and alive only to a dead and dying world. Let not the seen and the temporal eclipse the higher and nobler objects of faith. May we live under the powers of a world to come—loving Thee now with some feeble and imperfect foretaste of

that love with which we shall love Thee forever.

We rejoice to believe that we are entirely in Thy keeping. Give us to feel that we would not wish one jot or tittle of Thy will altered—one ingredient less in our cup. If Thou sendest us prosperity, LORD, hallow it. If Thou sendest adversity, LORD, sanctify it. Let us rejoice in the thought that we are soon to suffer no more and to sin no more; soon no more to displease with our guilty wanderings, Him, who has remained faithful amid all earth's faithlessness.

We commend to Thy gracious providence all in whom we are interested. Take our dear friends under Thy peculiar care. Sanctify them by the indwelling of Thy HOLY SPIRIT—prosper them outwardly and inwardly. May all their duties and occupations be leavened with godliness. Bless our own immediate circle—may GOD be their Father, and JESUS their

elder brother, and Heaven their everlasting home. [Bless our children—defend them from a present evil world. Let them early know the happiness of seeking and finding the one thing needful.] Bless the servants; may they fulfil the duties of their calling, not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but doing the will of GOD from the heart.

May Thy kingdom come. Support and strengthen all devoted laborers in heathen lands. May Thy Spirit come down upon them as rain upon the mown grass—as showers that water the earth. Sanctify affliction to all in sorrow. Let Thy suffering people feel that often what seems Thy roughest voice is the tender whisperings of the gentlest love. May they recognize in Thy chastisements the dealings of covenant mercy, to purge away the dross, and refine and purify for glory.

Direct, control, suggest this day, all our thoughts, purposes, designs and actions,

that we may consecrate soul and body with all their powers to the glory of Thy holy name. And all that we ask or hope for, is for the Redeemer's sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Saturday Evening.

O LORD, we desire to approach Thy Throne of Grace, adoring Thee as GOD over all, blessed for evermore. May we this night enter the inner chamber of Thy presence. Draw near to us as we draw near to Thee. We bless Thee that Thou hast spared us during another day, and another week. Let us end every day and every week as if these were possibly our last—as if the midnight cry might break upon our ears ere we see another rising sun, or a returning Sabbath.

We come acknowledging that it is of the LORD'S mercies we are not consumed. We *are* nothing and we *have* nothing. By nature and by wicked works we could *expect* nothing but indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish. Every day is a

living witness against us. We confess our proneness to depart from Thee the living GOD—our reluctance to render to Thee the tribute of our undivided homage and love.

LORD, we bring our sins and lay them on JESUS. We bring our weakness to His Almighty strength: the insufficiency of the creature, to the "all-sufficiency in all things" promised by the Great Creator. Give us to experience the blessedness of an unreserved, unwavering trust and confidence in an unchanging GOD. Let us henceforth confide to Thee the allotment of all that befalls us. Let us no longer harbor suspicions of Thy faithfulness and love. Let us commit the unknown morrow to Thy better wisdom, saying "Teach us the way wherein we should walk—we lift ou souls unto Thee." We rejoice, blessed JESUS, to think of Thee, rejoicing over all our joy—keeping us as the apple of Thine eye, and feeling what is done tc

Thy people as sensitively as if it were done to Thyself. Enable us to repose in quiet assurance in the infinite and unmeasured fulness of Thy grace and mercy, following Thee, not in plain and smooth places only, but in rough and rugged too; feeling that even though at times mysterious—"the ways of the LORD are right and all his works are done in truth."

While we pray for ourselves we would remember before Thee all whom we ought to bear on our spirits at a Throne of Grace. Prosper Thy cause and kingdom in the world. Bring the wickedness of the wicked to an end. Bless the young, may they spring up as willows by the water-courses—trees of righteousness, the planting of the LORD. Bless the aged, may they be gathered to the garner of the Great Husbandman, as the shock of corn in its season, full of years and ripe for glory.

Bless all Thy faithful ministers—es-

pecially those who to-morrow are to deal out the bread of life;—strengthen them outwardly and inwardly; may their arms be made strong by the hands of the mighty GOD of Jacob: on the great reaping day of judgment, may they too appear with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. Bless us as a family—master and servant, [parent and child.] Let us all own one common Master—one Father in Heaven. Whether we wake or sleep, may we live together with Thee. There is no darkness to us if Thou art with us. Defend us during the unconscious hours of slumber, that we may rise on Thy Holy Sabbath fitted for duty, happy in the assured continuance of Thy favor and love. And all we ask is for JESUS CHRIST'S sake, our only SAVIOUR, in whose most blessed name and words we would sum up all our petitions at a Throne of Grace—saying,

Our Father, &c.

THIRD WEEK.

Sunday Morning.

ALMIGHTY AND EVERLASTING GOD, we bless Thee for the return of another day of the Son of Man. We thank Thee that we have been spared during another week, while many of our fellow-men have been called to render in their account. Give us conscious filial nearness to Thee our Father in Heaven. Let us hear Thy gracious benediction—"Peace be unto you." May Thine own day be begun, carried on, and ended with Thee. May all worldly thoughts, and cares, and disquietudes be laid aside, that we may enjoy a foretaste of the everlasting blessedness and joy which are at Thy right hand.

We come, gracious LORD, relying on Thy free grace in JESUS. Self-renouncing, and sin-renouncing, we cast ourselves entirely upon Him. We would direct the undivided eye of faith to His finished work; rejoicing that it is as free as ever, and as efficacious as ever. Fill us with a deep and humbling sense of our guilt. May we mourn an erring past, and receive grace for an unknown future. We would seek this day to kindle afresh our dying love at Thy holy altar. Inspire us with resolutions of new obedience. May we no longer live unto ourselves—to the world—to the creature—to sin. May the great Creator and the precious Redeemer occupy, without a rival, His own throne within us. Let us cultivate a holy fear of offending Thee. May every fresh experience of Thy love rebuke the lukewarmness of ours. Let us no longer wander in guilty estrangement from Thee, forfeiting Thy favor and our own true happiness

May we spend every day, and every Sabbath, as if it were to be our last—in preparation for the everlasting rest which awaits Thy people in glory, when we shall see Thy face, and Thy name shall be in our foreheads.

We desire to remember in Thy presence all in whom we are interested. Bless all Thy people, this day, throughout the Christian world; may multitudes be added to the Church, of such as shall be saved. Strengthen Thy ministering servants,—may they have singleness of eye, and singleness of aim. May self be hidden and GOD exalted. May many careless souls be arrested; may weak ones be strengthened; may sorrowing ones be comforted; may the weary and heavy-laden obtain rest. May a holy Sabbath-spirit follow us throughout the week. May we descend the mount with the halo of the sanctuary encircling our path—happy in the presence and favor of the GOD of the Sabbath!

We commend our dear friends especially to Thy protection. May they, too, be in the Spirit on the LORD'S day; may they call and find the Sabbath a delight. Keep them, good LORD, by Thy mighty power. May they live soberly, and righteously, and godly, in the present evil world; looking for that blessed hope, even the glorious appearing of the great GOD our SAVIOUR. Bless the members of our family circle; keep them ever near to Thee. [May our children be the peculiar care of the great and good Shepherd. May they know early the safety and happiness of His fold; make them to lie down in His green pastures; lead them by the still waters. May they know that whether they come to die soon or late, they never will repent of fleeing, in the season of youth to the arms of a SAVIOUR'S love and mercy.]

Sanctify trial to the many sons and daughters of affliction. May they lie low

in submission to Thy Sovereign appointments, as they listen to the simple reason of their trials, "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." Be it theirs to respond, "Even so, Father! for so it seems good in Thy sight."

Lord, take the charge of us; and when all Thy will concerning us on earth is completed, take us to dwell with Thyself in glory everlasting, and all we ask is for the Redeemer's sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Sunday Evening.

PRAISE waiteth for Thee, O GOD, in Zion, and unto Thee shall the vow be performed. O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come. We rejoice that we have such a GOD to repair to. Thou never hast said unto any of the seed of Jacob, seek ye my face in vain. *We* grow faint and grow weary—but Thy ways are not as our ways. Thy thoughts to us are unchanging thoughts of love. It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.

We come anew on this the evening of Thy Holy day, acknowledging our great unworthiness. Fill us with a deep sense of our guilt. We have not the humbling consciousness we ought to have, of our exceeding vileness. We are apt to our-

selves, if not to Thee, to plead vain excuses for our sins. They have been committed against the tenderest mercy—the most unwearied patience—the most wondrous love.

Forgive us, O LORD, forgive us all, for Thy dear Son's sake. Wash these crimson and scarlet stains away in the sin-cleansing fountain. Let us know more and more the preciousness of the faithful saying that "JESUS CHRIST came into the world to save sinners."

May we live at all times as Thy redeemed children. As He that hath called us is holy, so may we be holy in all manner of conversation. Put Thy fear in our hearts —not the fear of torment, but the holy child-like fear of offending so kind a Father—so gracious and forgiving a Saviour. Blessed LORD, make these unworthy hearts of ours living temples—holy, incense-breathing altars of gratitude and love. May our lives be one continued

thank-offering for Thine amazing mercies. As Thy blood-bought children, may we count it our highest privilege as well as our sacred duty, to walk so as to please Thee. May we be looking for that blessed hope, even the glorious appearing of the great GOD our SAVIOUR. Let us be ever in the attitude of waiting and expectant servants, seeking to "occupy" till our LORD comes. Keep us from inactivity and sloth. Let our loins be girded and our lamps burning. Let us be growing in faith and love — in charity and meekness—in diligence and faithfulness—rejoicing in hope of the glory of GOD!

Father! glorify Thy name. Darkness is still covering the lands, and gross darkness the people; but may the LORD arise, and His glory be seen on the earth. May the time to favor Zion, yea, the set time, speedily come. Revive Thy work in the midst of the years;—in the midst of wrath do Thou remember mercy.

We pray for all in affliction. O Thou who art the healer of the broken-hearted, he comforter of all that are cast down—do Thou impart to every sorrowing bereaved spirit, Thine own everlasting consolations. Thou art seated by every furnace. May all come forth as gold tried in the fire, and so be found at last unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of JESUS CHRIST.

We commend our family and household to Thy care. GOD of Bethel, GOD of our Fathers, and better still, the GOD and Father of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, be Thou the covenant God of all near and dear to us. Whether they be now present or absent may they all be near and dear to Thee. Keeper of Israel, be Thou their Keeper, guide them, guard them, sanctify them, use them for Thy glory here, and bring them to the enjoyment of Thyself hereafter.

Take us all under Thy Providence

this night. Let us fall asleep under Thy blessed protection; may no unquiet dreams disturb our repose, and when the gates of the morning are again opened, may it be to hear Thy benediction and blessing—"Fear not, for I am with thee." And all that we ask is for the sake of Him whom Thou hearest always, and to whom, with Thee, the Father, and Thee, O blessed Spirit, one God, be everlasting praise, honor, and glory, world without end, *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Monday Morning.

ALMIGHTY GOD, we desire on this the morning of a new day, to approach the footstool of Thy Throne of grace. Thou art glorious in Thy holiness, fearful in praises, continnally doing wonders. Thine eternity is a depth which no finite mind can fathom. Thy purposes no accident can alter—Thy love no time can impair. We adore Thee as the GOD of our life; moment by moment we are hanging upon Thy goodness; if Thou withdrawest Thy hand we perish.

And yet, O LORD, we have not been living habitually mindful of Thee. We have too often taken our blessings as matters of course. We have had unthankful spirits in the midst of daily recurring tokens of unmerited mercy. Above all,

we have been living in guilty forgetfulness of Thy dear Son. We have not been remembering as we ought, that but for Him and His wondrous grace we must have perished everlastingly. We have not felt as we ought the attractive power of His cross. Other lords have had dominion over us. The love which ought to have reigned paramount has been displaced and superseded by other affections. We have been "minding earthly things;" we have been deifying earthly pleasures and earthly passions; careful, and troubled, and concerned, about what will perish with the very using!

LORD, have mercy upon us! Bring us to a better mind. Melt these hard and obdurate hearts. Renew us by the indwelling of Thy gracious Spirit. Give us henceforth a holy ambition to serve Thee. May we regard life as a mission to please GOD—a state of brief probation, to exhibit here the living evidences of that spiritual

life begun, which will issue in the glorious consummations of eternity. All our hope is in JESUS. There is no other prop that can support a sinking soul and a sinking world. Help us, blessed SAVIOUR, else we die! Give us to see the adaptation of Thy character and work, to all the wants and weaknesses—the trials and difficulties—the sorrows and sins of our fallen and suffering natures. We are overwhelmed at the recollection of bygone transgressions, but there is infinite merit in Thee to meet all the magnitude of infinite guilt. May we exhibit more willingness to *be* nothing and to *do* nothing that He who has done all, may be enthroned alone in our hearts' affections. Make us more heavenly-minded —more pilgrim-like—more SAVIOUR-like. Our graces are feeble—LORD sustain them. Our affections are lukewarm, LORD revive them. Our lamps are going out—LORD trim them. Search us—try us—lead us; use what discipline Thou seest best. May

it all result in our growing sanctification—in endearing to us Thy favor, and bringing us to live under a more constant and realizing sense of the things which cannot be shaken but remain.

We commend to Thee all near and dear to us. May they be shielded by Thy providence, and sanctified by Thy grace. Let them repose in the plenitude of Thy promises, and feel that to be spiritually-minded is "life and peace." Bless our own family—preserve us by Thy mighty power. [Bless our children. May theirs be the heritage of those that fear Thy name.] May we all feel that it is Thou, LORD, only, who makest us to dwell in safety.

We put ourselves at thy disposal. May the everlasting arms ever be around us for good;—guiding through life—through death—till we are safe in glory—through JESUS CHRIST, our only SAVIOUR. *Amen.*

Monday Evening.

O LORD, our Heavenly Father, by whose good providence we are spared from day to day,—enable us to come this night into Thy sacred presence, with hearts filled with gratitude and thankfulness for all Thy great mercies, and deeply humbled on account of our own great unworthiness. What are we that we should be permitted to take Thy name into our sinful and polluted lips? We have sinned, what shall we say unto Thee, O Thou preserver of men? We have been pursuing after lying vanities. We have been rebellious, and wayward, and selfish, and unthankful. We have been living in the enjoyment of countless mercies, without any acknowledgment of Thy giving hand. Kindness has been abused, grace has been

resisted, the LORD has been disowned. Our hearts have become altars to the unknown GOD. We have been worshipping and serving the creature more than the Creator, who is GOD over all, blessed for evermore.

Adorable REDEEMER, we flee anew under the covert of Thy wings—we take refuge anew in the clefts of the Smitten Rock;—hide us there from that wrath and everlasting condemnation, which these legion-sins of ours have justly merited.

Oh what encouragement we have to trust Thy atoning grace and love. What a SAVIOUR-GOD art Thou! — the feeblest of the flock—tended, guided, guarded by Thee. We can fear no evil when Thou art with us. The roughest part of the wilderness will become smooth if the Shepherd be at our side. We rejoice to think that Thou art choosing our pasture for us. All is meted out—arranged—provided for. The thread of life is in Thy

hands. All that concerns us and ours is at Thy disposal. Infinite wisdom and love are pledged to see to it, that all is the best and *for* the best. Give us lowliness and gentleness of heart. May self be crucified and JESUS exalted—may we be moulded after His blessed image—may existence become one life-long consecration to His service—may we feel that to be holy is to be happy—that to be with GOD is the loftiest joy of which our natures are susceptible. To be with GOD, and like GOD, is the happiness of angels—may it be ours in part here, and in full fruition hereafter.

Whatever be the discipline Thou employest to fit us for this, may we meekly submit to it. May we watch all Thy varied teachings and get profit and sanctification out of all—all bringing us nearer Heaven and nearer Thee.

Bless this household—unite us as a family in the bonds of holy love. May the blood of the everlasting covenant be

Tuesday Morning.

O LORD, we desire to draw near into Thy blessed presence on this the begining of a new day.—Do Thou accept of our morning sacrifice. Enkindle our dead and lifeless souls with a living coal from the inner sanctuary. Throughout the day may our minds be stayed on Thee. May a sense of Thy favor and love be intermingled with all its duties, hallowing all its pleasures and softening all its trials. LORD, we have received our being from Thy hands—may the lives imparted by Thee and sustained by Thee, be consecrated to Thy praise. May we feel the happiness of holy living, and regard nothing this world can give as comparable for a moment to the enjoyment of Thy friendship and love,

We bless Thee, above all, for the purchased blessings of the everlasting covenant. Blessed SAVIOUR—Thou great Burden-bearer—Shepherd—Guide—Friend—Brother—Portion of Thy people, nothing can give us peace but Thy peace. For every hour, for every moment, for every time of need, for every diversity of situation Thou art. Undertake Thou for us. May we have no trust in anything but in Thy matchless work. May simple faith be followed by holy obedience and habitual walking. May we know the blessed habit of a holy life; of affections once alienated from GOD, now alienated from the world. May no spiritual foe be permitted to quench the smoking flax. May we have strength given us either to perform or endure Thy will. In all things may we seek to glorify Thy holy name. May existence become one grand act of devoteness to Thee. May we cleave unto the LORD with full purpose of heart. May

Tuesday Evening.

O LORD our GOD, we bless Thee that we are again permitted in the multitude of Thy mercies to see the close of another day.—We would close it with Thee. Ere we retire to rest, we would supplicate the guardian care of Israel's unslumbering Shepherd. Make not our pillow this night the pillow of death. Give Thine angels charge over us during the unconscious hours of sleep, and when we awake, may we be still with Thee.

We adore Thee, blessed GOD, as the source of all our happiness—the Author of all our blessings; forbid that we should ever seek for happiness in meaner joys—that we should suffer any created good to displace Thyself from the supreme place in our affections. We desire to take Thee as

our chief joy—to subordinate to Thee, all else beside. Do Thou undertake for us. Guide us by Thy counsel. We cast our every care upon Thee; Thou carest for us; Thou caredst for us before we cared for ourselves; our lives are one continuous history of undeserved watchfulness in the past. And we will trust Thee in the future. In all our ways we would acknowledge Thee, do Thou direct our paths. Let our one animating wish and longing be—to be nearer Thee now, and with Thee forever in Heaven. May every returning night as it finds us nearer the morning of glory find us better prepared for it.

We desire this night to lie down in peace and sleep, with our eye on the opened fountain. Wash out all the defilements of the day; all the sins of omission and commission, LORD, pardon them. Accept of us in the Beloved. We stand now, as we desire to stand on a judgment day, robed in Thy Son's righteousness. He is

no idol usurp Thy place in our souls. May we worship Thee only, Thee wholly, Thee forever.

We pray for a dark world. Visit, in mercy, the habitations of horrid cruelty. Strengthen Thy Missionary servants. Arouse Thy churches to greater zeal in the promotion of Thy cause. We would pray the LORD of the harvest that He would send forth laborers to His harvest.

GOD of our fathers, be our covenant GOD; dwell in this family—hallow every heart in it as an altar to Thy praise. Impress upon us all a family resemblance to the Great elder Brother, our living Head in glory. [Pour Thy grace into the young.] Each of us is advancing in life's journey, may we seek to be becoming more and more meet for our everlasting home. Prepare us for the unutterable blessedness of close and uninterrupted fellowship with Thyself.

Have compassion on all who are afflicted

Pity the houseless poor, the orphaned children, the widowed heart. O Thou, who turnest the shadow of death into the morning—do Thou console and bind up every such bleeding bosom. May they rejoice that Thou, the Great Refiner, knowest all that is needed by Thy people. May they adore Thee alike in the dispensing of Thy gifts, and in revoking the grant, feeling that their "times are in Thy hand."

We commit ourselves to Thy care. May the LORD GOD this day be to us a sun and shield. May the LORD give grace and glory, and withhold from us nothing that He sees to be truly good. And all that we ask is for JESUS' sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Tuesday Evening.

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able to save, He is willing to save, He is waiting to save. We have no other refuge *but* Him, no other friend *like* Him. We merge all our concerns into His hands.

We commend, HOLY FATHER, to Thy gracious care and providence our family and household. May each be a member of the household of faith. Do Thou, if it be Thy will, long continue unbroken our home-circle on earth, but let our true home be above. Let the watchword of each near and dear to us be this—"we are journeying unto the place of which the LORD hath said, I will give it you." [Bless the young; train them early for glory. Preserve them from the countless temptations of a world lying in wickedness.] We pray for the afflicted; we commend them to Him who knows their frame; who did Himself pass through all the wilderness discipline, and who having suffered, being tempted, is able to succor them that are tempted.

Let Thy kingdom come. Stand by Thy

Missionary servants; may they have many heathen souls for their hire—many who shall be to them as a crown of joy and rejoicing, on the Great day.

LORD, we commend us to Thee;—known unto Thee are all our wants; we leave our petitions at the footstool of Thy Throne, knowing that in Thee we have a rich Provider; and when the provisions of the earthly journey are needed no more, may it be ours to feed on the better bread which endureth to everlasting life. And all that we ask is in the name and for the sake of Him whom Thou hearest always, and to whom with Thee the Father, and Thee, O ETERNAL SPIRIT, one GOD, be ascribed all blessing and honor, and glory and praise, world without end. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Wednesday Morning.

O ETERNAL ever blessed Trinity—Three Persons—One GOD—have mercy upon us. Blessed Father, who didst not spare the Son of Thy love, but didst freely give Him up, a ransom for the guilty—Blessed JESUS, Thou sin-bearing and sin-forgiving SAVIOUR, who didst so freely consecrate Thy very life's-blood for us—Blessed Spirit of all grace, who art waiting and willing to renew and sanctify and heal—yea, to make these worthless souls of ours, temples to Thy praise—Do Thou come to us in all the plenitude of Thy love this morning, that we may feel it to be good for us to draw near unto GOD.

What are our lives but crowded histories of covenant faithfulness,—wondrous attestations to the love and forbearance and

patience of GOD. We have received at His hands double for all our sins.

Where could we now have been, blessed LORD, but for Thy great love to us in CHRIST JESUS? On Him our every hope of mercy is built. On His work we desire every hour to live. We rejoice that we have such a Day's-Man, who has laid His hand upon us both; that He is now pleading for us within the veil—answering for those who cannot answer for themselves. Give us a tender conscience, a broken spirit, filial nearners, holiness of heart, consistency of conduct, uprightness of life. May sin be increasingly hated—may holiness be unceasingly coveted and loved. Loving Thee our GOD, may we love also our fellow-men. Bring us under the power of renewed natures and purified affections. May all that is earthly and carnal, all that is unamiable and selfish, all that is unkind and unholy, be displaced by what is pure, elevated, lovely, and of good

report. Above all, may we be brought to live more sensibly under the influence of unseen realities. May we be more of wayfarers than we have been, with our face more Zionwards, feeling that our true home is above. May CHRIST become increasingly precious. Stablish our hearts with the blessed truth, that the coming of the LORD draweth nigh, that so when the hour of death shall overtake us, it may be to us as an angel whispering "The Master is come and calleth for Thee."

Compassionate all who are in affliction; may Thy sorrowing people be enabled to trust Thee in the dark. Let them look forward to that joyous period when they shall come to stand in Thy presence, and trace for themselves in the map of time all the wisdom of Thy now inscrutable dealings. Have pity on the careless—reclaim the backslider—arouse the lukewarm—bring back all wanderers who may have strayed from the fold. May they feel the

sorest of all losses, to be the loss of their GOD—that nothing can compensate for the forfeiture of Thy favor.

Bless us as a family;—give us the heritage of those that fear Thy name; may the absent know Thee as ever present—and when earth's separations are at an end, may there be a common meeting place for us all, at last, before Thy Throne.

Be our GOD and guide this day, protect our bodies from danger, preserve our souls from sin; never leave and never forsake us. May we all be found unto praise, and honor and glory, at the appearing of JESUS CHRIST. And all that we ask is for His sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Wednesday Evening.

MOST BLESSED GOD, we desire to come into Thy sacred presence on this the close of another day. Let our prayer come before Thee as incense, and the lifting up of our hands as the evening sacrifice. Enable us to have a realizing view of Thy glory and Divine Majesty. Praise be to Thy holy name, that though the infinitude of Heaven be Thy dwelling-place, Thou condescendest to make every lowly heart of Thy people Thy habitation. Though Thou art the greatest of all Beings, Thou art the kindest of all, and the best of all.

We come weak and helpless and burdened to that cross where alone there is shelter and peace for the guilty. We will not cloak nor dissemble our manifold sins

and wickedness before the face of Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, but we would confess them with an humble, lowly, penitent and obedient heart. It is our comfort to know that we have a sure refuge to which we can at all times repair.

Blessed JESUS, there is in Thee all that is required to meet our wants and difficulties, our perplexities and sins. We rejoice to think of Thee as Thou now art, the unchanging, unaltered, and unalterable Elder Brother. Thou hast all the might of infinite Godhead—Thou hast all the tenderness and pity of compassionate man. May it be ours to love and serve Thee now, that we may not be ashamed before Thee at Thy coming. May Thy love exercise a paramount influence over us. Let us *show* that we are Christians—living Epistles known and read of all men. Let us be gentle, kind, and forgiving. Let us not be betrayed into anger or uncharitableness. Let there be no hard construction of Thy

dealings—no murmurings under Thy rod. Let patience have its perfect work; willing to *do* all and to *bear* all for the sake of Him who hath done and borne so much for us. Let us be duty-doing Christians—active in Thy service, feeling that all have a work to do, and that we have but a brief time to do it. Give us a solemn sense of responsibility for every talent committed to our trust. Let us feel that they are not given merely to be enjoyed by us, but to be employed for *Thee.* Alive to our stewardship, may we lay them out for Thy glory and for our own and our neighbor's good, that when Thou comest Thou mayest receive Thine own with usury.

Bless all our beloved friends; remember them with that favor which Thou bearest to Thine own;—wherever they are, may they never set up their altar to an unknown GOD—may they know the true blessedness of life when spent in thy service. We pray for all poor afflicted

ones. Ease their burdens—soothe their sorrows—dry their tears—enable them meekly to repose in Thy covenant faithfulness and love.

How often dost Thou send tempest and storm to lighten the ship, and conduct it in safety to its desired haven. Let us be afraid of no wind and no storm which brings us nearer Thyself.

And now LORD, what wait we for, our hope is in Thee. Most graciously answer us, not according to our own wishes, (often erring, often sinful,) but according as Thou seest it would be well for us, and no more. We are poor and needy, yet the LORD thinketh upon us. Make no tarrying, O our GOD.

Guard us through the night—defend us by Thy mighty power. Whether we wake or sleep may we be Thine. And all we ask is for JESUS' sake. *Amen.*

Thursday Morning.

ALMIGHTY FATHER. Thou art from everlasting to everlasting, GOD. Thou art the Being of all Beings—Light of light—enshrined amid the glories and mysteries of eternity. Thou art the Author of our existence—the source and centre of all our happiness. We desire to connect all our blessings with Thee, to trace every stream up to Thyself, the great fountain-head. Thou alone hast an ear to hear us, and a heart to feel for us. Thou alone amid all other changes art the unchanging One—Heaven and earth shall pass away, but *Thou* art the same, and Thy years shall have no end.

We come poor, needy, empty-handed to Thee, who hast promised us an "all sufficiency in all things." We have nothing to present—we have everything to get.

Thou art Giver, Keeper, Sustainer; there is nothing between us and everlasting destruction but Thy grace in JESUS. Worms of the dust, we look to the arm of the mighty GOD of Jacob. We would drink of the streams of abundant grace which flow from the Smitten-Rock. These have been flowing for ages past, and yet still the warrant and welcome are free as ever.—"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

Blessed Physician of souls, who healeth *all* our diseases, do Thou say unto each of us "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Bring us to live more and more every day under the constraining influence of Thy love. Being made free from sin, and having become the servants of GOD, may we have our fruit unto holiness; may we be continually gaining fresh victories over our secret corruptions—the power of evil waxing weaker and weaker; and the power of Thy grace waxing stronger and stronger.

It is sin which blinds our eyes, clouds our faith, and hampers our energies. Dispel, O GOD, this dark chaos, by the might of Thine indwelling Spirit. Do Thou give the summons "Let there be light," that an inner sunshine may be diffused over our souls, and that we may know by joyful experience, the happiness of true holiness.

Give us a spirit of reverential and child-like submission to Thy will. We do rejoice to know that while the lot is thrown into the lap, the *whole* disposing thereof is of the LORD; finite wisdom has no place in Thy dealings; not only are all things ordained by Thee, but ordained in ineffable wisdom and in unchanging love. May the end of all Thy dispensations be our growing sanctification. Mercifully accommodate, the supplies of Thy grace to all the sons and daughters of sorrow; may they call upon Thee in the day of trouble, and do Thou deliver them; though it may

not be the deliverance they would have desired, may it lead them to "glorify Thee."

Look in kindness on our family circle; may Thy name be ever hallowed here; may we know the happiness of that household whose GOD is the LORD. Bless our beloved friends who may be absent from us. If separated from one another now, may we meet at last in the better country, and together enter the joy of our common LORD. Be thou with us throughout this day. May Thy peace be upon us and upon all the Israel of GOD. Guide us by Thy counsel, strengthen us for duty, and prepare us for trial. And all we ask is for the Redeemer's sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Thursday Evening.

O GOD, Thou art great and greatly to be feared, Thy greatness is unsearchable; Heaven is Thy throne,—the earth is Thy footstool. Before Thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry—Holy, holy, holy, is the LORD GOD of Hosts, Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory. Thou art the sovereign director and controller of the wheels of Providence. The Lord reigneth. Man proposeth, but GOD disposeth; and He disposeth wisely and well.

We do bless Thee that we, lost, hell-deserving sinners, are permitted to come with all the load of our great guilt to a Great SAVIOUR. We will arise and go to our Father, and we will say "Father, we have sinned against Heaven and in

Thy sight, we are no more worthy to be called Thy children!" But do Thou for Jesus' sake, Thine own dear Son, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Behold! O GOD, our shield: look upon us in the face of Thine anointed. Wash us in His blood; clothe us with His righteousness: sanctify us in body, soul and spirit, that we may be presented at last faultless before the presence of Thy glory with exceeding joy.

May the life of Jesus be made manifest in our mortal flesh; may the world take knowledge of us that we have been with Him. May our citizenship be more in Heaven; may we bear upon us the lofty impress of those who are born *from* above *for* above, —and who declare plainly that they seek a better country. May we be *like* CHRIST now, remembering that we are soon to be *with* Him, and that forever.

Whatever be the sphere in which Thy good providence has placed us, may it be

our earnest endeavor to use our time, and talents, and opportunities, for Thee. Our probation time must soon be finished: may we work while it is called to day,—the night cometh!

Look in kindness on Thy church universal. Revive Thy work in the midst of the years. Return, O LORD, and visit this vineyard which Thine own right hand hath planted: may every branch be laden with fruit; found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of the LORD JESUS.

Compassionate the afflicted: comfort all that mourn. Be the helper of the help less,—the refuge of the distressed,—the father of the fatherless. May all mourning the loss of beloved friends be led to bow submissively to Thy sovereign will, and look forward with joyful hearts to that better time and that better world, when the very fountain of these tears shall be forever dried.

Bless each one of us now bending at Thy footstool. [May our children have Thy grace early poured into their hearts. Spare their valued lives; may they be defended from the snares of a world lying in wickedness. Give them to know that if they seek Thee early Thou wilt be found of them, but if they forsake Thee Thou wilt cast them off forever.] Give us all the heritage of Thy grace and love, and then we shall be rich indeed. Many are saying "who will show us any good?" May *we* have but one wish, "LORD, lift Thou upon us and ours, the light of Thy countenance." Be with us this night. It is Thou, Lord, only, who makest us to dwell in safety. When we lie down to rest, let the curtain of Thy protecting Providence be drawn around us, and when we awake may we be still with Thee; and all that we ask is in the name, and for the sake of the LORD JESUS. *Amen.*

Friday Morning.

O GOD, our Heavenly Father, we desire on this the morning of a new day, to encompass the footstool of Thy Throne of Grace. We thank Thee for the guardianship and care vouchsafed during the unconscious hours of sleep. Thou hast dispersed the darkness of another night, and permitted the natural sun once more to arise upon us. O Thou better Sun of righteousness, do Thou disperse the deeper darkness of sin; shine on us with the brightness of thy rising; let us enjoy this day the blessedness of peace with GOD.

LORD JESUS, we commit our temporal and eternal interests anew to Thy keeping. Soul and body are Thine by Thy redemption-purchase. May this be their

superscription "holiness to the LORD." May nothing that is unclean or that defileth enter therein. May it be our sovereign motive to walk so as to please Thee. May this be our sorest cross and trial to incur Thy displeasure. May we seek to diffuse around us the silent, noiseless influence of a heavenly life. Let us seek wholly to follow Thee. Let us not be content with a name to live. May existence be one continuous effort to do Thy will and promote Thy glory.

Oh forbid that any of us should rest satisfied with being half-way to safety—lingering on the borders; may we live up to our privileges; may we have grace to follow the holy example and to reflect the blessed image of Thee, our adorable LORD and Master. May we deal tenderly with others, remembering the tenderness of Him who would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, and whose dying words were forgiving

ones. In the performance of every-day duty, let us seek to make this the directory of our conduct—"How would JESUS have acted here?" May we put on as the elect of GOD, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any have a quarrel against any, even as CHRIST hath forgiven us, so may we do also.

We pray for all in sorrow. O Thou GOD of all consolation, be a Father to the fatherless, a Husband to the widow, the stranger's shield, and the orphan's stay. Enable Thy suffering people to rest in Thy love—saying, the LORD'S will be done.

Bless our beloved Friends; if there be any among them who are still strangers to Thee, LORD convert them; reveal to them Thy dear Son in all His ability to save. Preserve us as a household from all danger and sin; hide us in the hollow of Thy hand; and may death, when it

comes, be to all of us the entrance to glory. May Thy church universal live in the unity of the Spirit, and in the bond of peace. Revive Thy work in the midst of the years; may the day soon arrive when all ends of the earth shall see the salvation of GOD.

Listen, gracious Father, to these our supplications, when Thou hearest forgive, and grant us an answer in peace, for the Redeemer's sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Friday Evening.

GRACIOUS FATHER! we approach the footstool of Thy throne this night, adoring Thee as the GOD of our life and the length of our days. We bless Thee for the many tokens of Thy love daily bestowed upon us: for food and raiment—for health and strength—for friends and home—for all that brightens our pathway in life—for all that cheers and irradiates our prospects beyond the grave. LORD, how often hast Thou disappointed our fears, answered our prayers, and fulfilled our hopes; how often has Thy grace and mercy made arduous duties easy, and levelled mountains of difficulty. How often when sin caused our hearts to be overwhelmed, hast Thou led us to the Rock that is higher than we. How often

in seasons of sorrow hast Thou conducted us to that same blessed shelter, and spoken comfortably to us.

We come anew to Thee this night, weary and heavy-laden, beseeching Thee to give us rest; we lament that we do not feel as we ought to do the burden of sin. Bring us in poverty of soul,—in self-denying, self-renouncing lowliness—to cry out "God be merciful to us sinners." Show us the infinite adaptation of the Redeemer in His person and work to meet all the necessities of our tried and tempted natures. May His name be as ointment poured forth; may his blood be our only plea—His love our animating principle—His glory our chiefest end.

May our souls become holy altars from which the incense of obedience and love is ascending continually. May we become patterns of all that is pure, and unselfish, and virtuous, and good. May we be enabled to *do* Thy will and *love* Thy will be-

cause it is Thine. May we enabled—not only to pull out the beam, but to pluck out the mote that would dim our spiritual vision: may our eye be single that our whole body may be full of light. May we be enabled with unfaltering devotedness to say "This *one* thing we do."

Accomplish the number of Thine elect, and hasten the coming of Thy Son's kingdom. Keep Thy churches faithful: may they earnestly contend for the faith,—holding fast that which they have, that no man take their crown.

Sanctify affliction for all Thine afflicted people: thy chastisements are mercies in disguise:—all are tempered with love. Thou wilt not let loose the piercing wind on Thy shorn lambs—Thou watchest every sheep in the fold; and when they are led out to the rougher parts of the wilderness, Thou "goest before them."

We pray for those who are living without GOD, and therefore without hope.

Let them not put off until they come to mourn with unavailing tears over-wasted hours and forfeited opportunities. Convince every procrastinator how sad it is to be standing on the brink of eternity with that eternity unprovided for.

Bless us, even us, O GOD, who are now bending at Thy mercy-seat; rebuke our faithlessness—warm our love—quicken our graces—let us live more constantly under the powers of a world to come. Ere we lay our heads on our nightly pillows, we would lay our sins afresh on the head of the Surety, that we may retire to rest at peace with GOD, ready, if need be, to wake up in glory. And all that we ask is for the Redeemer's sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Saturday Morning.

MOST BLESSED GOD, who art making the outgoings of the evening and the morning to rejoice over us—we desire to begin this day with Thee. We bless Thee for Thy sparing mercy, in having permitted us once more to lie down to sleep, and to awake in safety and comfort; may we be enabled as dependants on Thy bounty to receive every returning morning as a new pledge of Thy love.

We confess, O GOD, our unworthiness. The utter sinfulness and alienation of our hearts from Thyself, the source of all life, and joy, and blessedness. To original sin we have added multiplied daily transgressions. The retrospect of life is a retrospect of guilt. Our iniquities testify against us. But we bless Thee that where sin abound-

ed, grace hath much more abounded. Thanks be unto GOD for His unspeakable gift; for all, that JESUS died to purchase, and which he is now exalted to bestow.

O Thou Eternal Lamb of GOD—Thou spotless, sinless victim—we come to Thee this morning to lay our guilty hands and our guilty souls on Thy most precious Sacrifice. May those life-long sins be borne away forever by Thee into the land of oblivion, to rise up in judgment against us no more. May our daily walk be more circumspect and holy. Let us follow Thy will whatever it may be—though, at times, it may be at variance with our own. May we be willing to *do* all and *endure* all for CHRIST'S sake; ready to take the bitter as well as the sweet, and to feel that the Judge of all the earth must do right and cannot do wrong. In the spirit of Him who was "dumb before His shearers," may we have grace to say,—"Even so, Father, for so it seems good in Thy sight." Oh, that

there were more in us the mind of our Divine Master—the holy, gentle, submissive spirit of Him who was meek and lowly in heart! Prepare us for His appearing and His Kingdom. Give us grace to feel that our time is short; that we have much to do, and not a moment we can call our own to calculate upon for doing it. May we have the girded loins and the burning lamps, and be like those who are waiting for their Lord's coming.

We entreat Thee to look down in special mercy on our household—[on parents and children, masters and servants.] Visit us all with the love which Thou bearest to Thine own. [May the young be guided through the slippery paths of youth; may they be enabled early to range themselves on GOD'S side—to be early seekers, that they may be early finders.] May the servants be actuated by great Christian motives, performing the duties of their calling not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but

as doing the will of GOD from the heart; may they know that in keeping Thy commandments there is a great reward. Bless those that are absent from us—may they be sheltered by Thine overshadowing wings—make them all the children of GOD, by faith in CHRIST JESUS.

Good LORD, be with us during this day; vouchsafe to us that blessing which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it; and when all our days are finished, do Thou receive us into everlasting habitations, for the sake of JESUS CHRIST, our only LORD and SAVIOUR. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Saturday Evening.

O LORD, we desire to come into Thy sacred presence, on this the close of another day, and the termination of another week, adoring Thee for all Thy great goodness, and desiring with united hearts to set up our Ebenezer of thankfulness, and to say "the Lord hath helped us hitherto." We are utterly unworthy of the least of all Thy mercies. If Thou hadst dealt with us as we deserved, or rewarded us according to our iniquities, we could not answer for one of a thousand. Blessed be Thy name, Thou hast devised means by which Thy banished may not be expelled from Thee; —the doing and dying of JESUS has opened the door to a Father's heart. We can now look up to His glorious throne and behold His face beaming with reconciliation.

We can behold the law disarmed of its condemning power, for all its penalties have been borne. We can behold death itself stript of its terrors,—the dark valley lighted up with the countenance and presence of a gracious SAVIOUR.

LORD, after *such* a pledge of Thy kindness, we believe Thou wilt with Him also freely give us all things. If Thou deny us earthly bliss and earthly happiness, let the very denial be sweet to us, knowing that it is the will of infinite love. We will trust Thee implicitly Other joys may fail us, Thou never wilt. All our earthly props may be removed; many have been; but in Thee we are secure as everlasting power, and everlasting wisdom and love can make us. Let us cleave to Thee as our souls best portion. And if there be times in our earthly history when we are forced to exclaim—"verily Thou art a GOD that hidest Thyself," we shall look forward with joy to

that better world where mystery shall give way to perfect knowledge, and from Thy dealings inner and glorious meanings will be evolved which we cannot now perceive. LORD, make us more holy; sanctify us through Thy truth; keep us watchful, keep us humble, keep us from ungospel—unchristian-like tempers; keep us from all pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy. Let us live as pilgrims, with our eye heavenwards. Let us ever be journeying, and journeying nearer Thee.

We pray for others as well as for ourselves. Draw near in mercy this night to any who may be in sorrow and distress, or who may be mourning the loss of beloved relatives. Do Thou sanctify their trials, that their very losses may turn into riches. May Thy blessing, and favor, and love, compensate for all that the world can either give or take away.

Bless our beloved friends; enrol their names in the Lamb's book of life. Bless

every member of this family now surrounding Thy footstool; give them the heritage of those that fear Thy name. Do Thou spare us long together as an unbroken circle on earth, and when we shall be called to leave behind us this lower valley, may we be conducted into those blessed regions, which eye hath not seen nor ear heard; where there shall be no more parting and no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, for the former things shall have passed away.

We commend ourselves to Thy Fatherly protection during the silent watches of the night. Do Thou give us tranquil repose, —lying down in Thy fear, and awaking in Thy favor, fitted and prepared for all the holy duties and services of Thy holy Sabbath. And all that we ask is for JESUS' sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

FOURTH WEEK.

Sunday Morning.

WE will extol Thee, our GOD, O King, we will bless Thy name forever and ever; every day will we bless Thee, we will praise Thy name forever and ever. We bless Thee for the return of another Sabbath. Again Thou hast permitted us to awake in safety, and not suffered our eyes to sleep the sleep of death. May it prove a holy day of rest to each of us, a rest from sin and a rest in GOD. May we welcome with gladness of heart the peaceful return of these peaceful hours—may all vain and worldly thoughts be set aside—may we be enabled to worship Thee in the beauty of holiness.

But wherewithal, LORD, shall we come into thy presence. Our very prayers might seal our condemnation. Our purest services, if weighed in the balances, might rise up in judgment against us. We mourn our guilty insensibility to sin—we do not see its vileness—we have no depressing consciousness of the plague of our own hearts—we have no realizing sense of the infinite purity of Thy holy righteous law.

We come anew in the name of Thy dear Son, confessing, and desiring deeply to feel as we confess, that we are sinners and the chief of sinners. We look to grace abounding over the aboundings of sin—to infinite merit abounding over infinite demerit—the everlasting righteousness and faithfulness of a tried Redeemer, coming in the room of the poor, stinted, imperfect shortcomings and deficiencies of the finite and fallible creature. Teach us to feel that we *are* nothing, *have* nothing, *know* nothing. We would place all our sins and burdens

on the head of the immaculate Surety; He alone can bear them all away into a land of oblivion, so that they can rise up to condemn us no more. We bless Thee that he ever lives and reigns for our justification. We rejoice to think of Him as our Great High-Priest, with the names of His covenant people imperishably engraven on His heart, bearing them along with Him in every approach to the throne. We rejoice to think that all power in Heaven and in earth is entrusted to His hands:—nothing befals us but by His direction,—nothing is laid upon us but what He sees to be for our good.

LORD JESUS, we commit our temporal and our everlasting interests to Thee. We rejoice that into such hands we can confidently entrust them. Undertake Thou for us. Carry on within us Thine own work in Thine own way. Keep us from all evil that is likely to grieve us. Give us that

dealing and that discipline that tends to bring us nearest Thyself.

We pray for all in sickness and distress, for those laid on beds of languishing, for those deprived of beloved relatives, and who are mourning those who "are not." May it please Thee to bind up their wounds, to soothe their sorrows, to heal their pains: direct the unwavering eye of faith to that better world, where every weight of earthly trial and earthly suffering shall be exchanged for the exceeding weight of heavenly glory, and where GOD shall wipe away all tears from off all faces.

Bless our own family and friends, both present and absent. May the invisible chain of Thy covenant-love bind us all together. [Bless our children, may they early obey the SAVIOUR'S invitation to come unto Him; may they be early consecrated to Thy glory, and learn that the secret of true happiness is to walk with GOD.] Strengthen this day all the minis-

ters of the everlasting gospel, may great grace be with them; may Thy churches, walking in the fear of GOD and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, everywhere be multiplied. Promote unity and concord among Thy true people. Oh may that blessed period soon arrive, when Ephraim shall not vex Judah, nor Judah vex Ephraim—when men shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks—all seeing eye to eye and heart to heart.

Take us now under Thy care, and enable us, whether waking or sleeping, to live together with Thee; and all that we ask is for the sake of Him, in whose most precious name and words we would farther pray—

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Sunday Evening.

MOST BLESSED GOD, whose nature and whose name is love, we desire to draw near into Thy gracious presence on this the close of another Sabbath, thanking Thee for all the tokens of Thy love we have been permitted to enjoy.

Do Thou come this night and take up Thine abode in each heart. Abide with us, for it is toward evening and the day is far spent. Under the blessed sense of Thy presence and nearness we would compose ourselves to rest, with our minds stayed on GOD.

We desire anew to bless and praise Thee for Thine unspeakable gift—JESUS the Son of Thy love. There is not a ray of hope which visits our dark souls but emanates from His cross. He is the channel

of every blessing. We rejoice to think that He is as willing as He is able to save "to the uttermost:" that at this moment He is bending upon us a gracious eye from the Throne—that with undying and undiminished love He is pleading our cause—the voice of this our elder Brother's blood is in a blessed sense crying out for us. As a prince, He has power with GOD and prevails. "Whosoever cometh unto Him He will in nowise cast out."

LORD, we come, casting ourselves on the fulness of Thy grace. Make us Thine own; sanctify us wholly, in body, soul, and spirit. Let us not be slow to deny ourselves, and to take up our cross and follow JESUS. When Thou callest us to any duty, or any trial, may we be ready with the response—"Here I am." May even trials and crosses become easy to us when borne in a spirit of tranquil submission to Thy will. Let us be living as pilgrims on the earth—weaned from what is uncertain

and transitory here, and having our affections fixed on the things which cannot be shaken, but remain forever. Oh that Thy love might be enthroned more than it is, as the ruling passion of our souls—and Thy glory more as the end and aim of our being. May we give no sleep to our eyes, nor slumber to our eyelids, till in our hearts we find a place for the LORD—an habitation for the mighty GOD of Jacob.

Do Thou follow with Thine enriching blessing all the sacred services of Thy sanctuary. May Thy word be quick and powerful:—forbid that impressions be suffered to die away—do Thou fasten them as a nail in a sure place—and may the Sabbath's duties and employments diffuse their own solemnity and heavenliness around us throughout the week.

We remember, with affectionate sympathy, the poor—the destitute, and "him that hath no helper"—the sick—the bereaved—the dying. LORD, draw near to

all such; let them know that Thou hast grace for their every time of need, and that there is no want to them that fear Thee. We desire for our friends Thy benediction and blessing: the LORD watch between them and us when we are absent one from another: O Thou omnipresent GOD, do Thou show that no distance can sever from Thee—give them every token of Thy love—preserve them from danger—guard them from temptation—number them with Thy saints in glory everlasting. [Bless the lambs of the flock, more especially those now before Thee—Shepherd of Israel! make them Thine,—bringing them to the fold of grace on earth, and to Thy heaven of glory hereafter.

Bless that branch of Thy church with which we are connected; bless Thy holy Church universal; have mercy on those who are still sitting in darkness and in the region and shadow of death. May a lifted

up SAVIOUR, by the attractive power of His cross, draw all men unto Him.

We commend us, blessed LORD, to Thee, and to the word of Thy grace. Do Thou watch over us during the unconscious hours of sleep. May we awake in the morning in Thy favor; that so every new day being spent to Thy glory, may find us better fitted for entering on the joys of Thine everlasting Kingdom, through the merits of JESUS CHRIST, our only SAVIOUR. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Monday Morning.

O GOD, Thou art the Infinite, Eternal, Unchangeable Jehovah; Thou art exalted on the pinnacles of all Being; angels and archangels veil their faces with their wings in Thy presence, and cry out, "unclean, unclean!"

We acknowledge our great unworthiness; we mourn our great and grievous sins; Thy law has been set at nought by us; Thy love has been slighted; Thy Spirit grieved; Thy sovereignty disowned. We have been unmindful of Thee in prosperity—we have repined at Thy gracious ordinations in adversity. We have not endeavored to hallow all life's duties with Thy favor. We have not sought Thy glory with singleness of eye; we have too often indulged in feel-

ings and desires, in tempers and affections inconsistent with our profession as followers of the LORD JESUS. Not only do our iniquities, but our very best services testify against us.

LORD, we come, casting ourselves on Thy free grace and mercy in JESUS. Let us have a holy jealousy of anything but His blood and work. Wash us, SAVIOUR, or we die. We will greatly rejoice in the LORD, our souls will be joyful in our GOD, for He hath clothed us with the garments of salvation, he hath covered us with a robe of righteousness.

Enable us to walk as it becometh Thy children. May we feel that it is guilt upon the conscience that restrains our prayers and mars our joy. Let us not trifle with conviction — let us not entertain the thought of trivial sins. May we feel all sins to be great sins; but yet, at the same time, may we rejoice that for the greatest sins there is a great and all-sufficient salva-

tion. There is no load we have, but He who bore our sins is able and willing to remove; "we may be low in the deeps, but the arms of His everlasting love are lower still."

We pray not for ourselves only, but for all whom we ought to remember at a Throne of grace. If there be any in whom we are interested who are still far from Thee, bring them nigh by the same precious blood. If any are still loitering and lingering who should be fleeing, may they hear Thy voice, saying—"Escape for Thy life, lest thou be consumed." If there be any backsliding, LORD reclaim them. If there be any sorrowing, LORD comfort them. Bind up their broken hearts. Give them Thyself—the better portion which never can be taken from them.

Thy way is often in the sea, and Thy path in the deep waters. "The LORD reigneth"—may *this* quiet all doubts. May we wait in patience the great day of dis-

closures, when "in Thy light we shall see light."

Look down in Thy mercy on our family nd household; let it be a garden which he LORD hath blessed. May we all live in the unity of the Spirit, and in the bond of peace.

Vouchsafe to keep us this day without sin. Be Thou, LORD, our Shepherd, and we shall not want. Keep us *from*, and keep from *us*, all that would be detrimental to our souls interests. May we lean on Thee in the extremity of our weakness. May we rejoice, amid our exigencies, in the storehouse of grace in JESUS; and when "time shall be no longer," may we meet in the unclouded sunshine of Thy presence, through JESUS CHRIST, our blessed LORD and SAVIOUR. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Monday Evening.

MOST GRACIOUS AND EVERLASTING GOD, Father of all mercies, King of Kings, LORD of Lords—the Heaven, even the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain Thee. Myriads of blessed spirits are continually casting their crowns at Thy feet, and worshipping Thee as LORD of all. How shall we, dust and ashes, presume to lift up our eyes to the place where Thou in glory dwellest?

There is but one thing that preserves us from everlasting destruction, and that is Thy sovereign love in JESUS. We flee to Him as our only SAVIOUR:—we *have* no other—we *require* no other—He is our alone confidence—Him first—Him last—Him all in all. Spare us, good LORD, spare us "as a man spareth his own son

that serveth him." Spare us for the sake of thine own dear Son who hath "served" Thee on our behalf, doing all, and suffering all, and procuring all, for us. It is a glorious ground of confidence for a sinner to trust in. It has been tried by countless multitudes, and the blood that has cleansed their guilty stains has a voice of undiminished love and forgiveness for us.

Thou faintest not, neither art weary—all Thy promises in Him are yea, and in Him amen. We cannot be in better hands than in Thine. Whether it be to *do* or to *bear* Thy will—may it be ours meekly to say "Even so, Father!" Whatever may most conduce to Thy glory and our good do Thou appoint for us. Be Thou ever near us, not as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night, but gladdening us with the continued sense of Thy presence and love. May we ever remember how transient and fleeting existence is; let us feel that the thread of life may snap

at any moment,—we cannot tell what a day or an hour may bring forth; may we work while it is called to-day, remembering that there is no device, nor work, nor labor, in the grave whither we are going.

Bless all our dear friends; let them be related to Thee; preserve their bodies from danger, and their souls from sin. May our household be a household of faith; may its lintels have sprinkled on them the blessed symbol of covenant love. May [parents and children,] master and servants be the members of a more glorious household;—may we claim kindred with the saints and the household of GOD.

Bless all in sorrow; may they feel that all are 'need-be' trials; let this be their comfort in their affliction—"if we suffer with Him we shall be also glorified together." Let them look forward to that hour when "their sorrow shall be turned into joy;" when GOD himself shall be with

them and be their GOD, and "when all tears shall be wiped from all faces."

Prepare us all for Heaven; let us be living ever with glory in sight, that ours at last may be an "abundant entrance." Keep us waiting—keep us watching. Ere we lie down to sleep this night, give us the blessed sense of sin forgiven; and if spared until to-morrow, let us rise refreshed for duty, and fitted for service or for trial; and all that we ask is for the sake of Him whom Thou hearest always, and to whom with Thee, the Father, and Thee, O blessed Spirit, one GOD, be everlasting praise, honor, and glory world without end. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Tuesday Morning.

ALMIGHTY AND EVERLASTING JEHOVAH, Thou art the heart-searching and rein-trying GOD; Thou art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity; evil cannot dwell with Thee, fools cannot stand in Thy presence. Thou hast solemnly declared that Thou canst by no means clear the guilty. It is only because of Thy great mercies in CHRIST—the unknown and unimagined depths of Thy love in Him, that we are not consumed, and that Thou hast not executed against us the cumberers awful doom.

We bless Thee for all that JESUS hath done—for all that He is willing to do. We bless Thee that He is now exalted a Prince and a SAVIOUR,—that having purged our sins, he has forever sat down

on the right hand of GOD, and that there He must reign until He hath put all enemies under His feet. Our earnest prayer is, that each of us may be personally and everlastingly interested in His great salvation; may He be precious to us in all His offices, as our Prophet, Priest, and King, ruling over us, and within us, making our hearts the habitation of GOD through the Spirit. Blessed JESUS, dethrone self, and sin, and every idol—rule and reign Thou there supreme. May the fountains of the great deep of sin be broken up. Spare us, good LORD, spare Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us forever!

We would cast all our cares, and every individual care on Thee, knowing and rejoicing that Thou "carest for us" in a way and measure that the nearest and fondest on earth knows nothing of. Seeing Thou hast loved us with such an over-

flowing and everlasting love, may we love Thee better in return; may we not requite Thee with coldness and unthankfulness—or give Thee the wrecks of "a worn and withered affection." May the best of our thoughts, and the best of our lives, and the best of our time, be surrendered freely to Thee. Let us trust Thee in everything; let us see Thy faithfulness in every event in our chequered and changing histories. How Thou hast smoothed our way in the past!—every thorn has been blunted, every cross has been lightened; our fears have been disappointed, our fondest hopes fulfilled. We will trust Thee in the future; if sorrow should darken our path, keep us from that guilty atheism which refuses to see in our trials any other hand but Thine. Let us feel that the great Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep cannot lead us wrong.

Bless our dear friends; may the LORD be their keeper—may the sun not smite

them by day, nor the moon by night. Do Thou preserve them from all evil, in their going out and in their coming in, from this time, henceforth, and even for evermore.

Be merciful to the family of affliction; those laid on beds of pining sickness—those bereaved of beloved relatives;—may it please Thee to help, succor, and relieve them; may they know Thine own blessed name—"The Consolation of Israel;" may they take comfort in the assurance "the LORD will provide."

Be Thou with us throughout this day; sanctify all its duties; go with us where we go, dwell with us where we dwell; may we pitch our tent ever near Thyself, and then we shall be safe. Hear us, gracious God, and accept of us for the Redeemer's sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Tuesday Evening.

HEAVENLY FATHER, who hast in Thy providence permitted us to meet together this night, be pleased of Thine infinite mercy to vouchsafe us Thy blessing. Scatter our darkness with the beams of Thy love. Dispel all harassing thoughts and misgivings, and disquietudes; ere we retire to rest may our minds be stayed on Thee. Unto us, O LORD, belong shame and confusion of face. We mourn that we feel our guilt and unworthiness so little. We seldom have a depressing sense of our alienation from Thee. We often confess with the lip what the heart does not feel. We often *appear* to be humble when we are *not* humble; when our hearts are full of self, and pride, and vain glory.

We desire to come anew into Thy

presence, casting ourselves on the free grace and love and mercy of JESUS. We rejoice that in His cross all Thine attributes have been magnified. Thou art now proclaiming to the vilest and unworthiest that Thou hast no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but rather that he would turn from his wickedness and live. Turn Thou us, O LORD, and we shall be turned.

We come to this blessed Physician of souls, rejoicing that He healeth *all* our diseases, that for the helpless and hopeless and dying, there is life. We will not "limit the Holy One of Israel." Father! glorify Thy name and Thy grace in our full, free, and everlasting salvation. Enable us to live as those who are not their own, but bought with a price. May we be willing to *be* anything, and to *do* anything, and to *suffer* anything for that SAVIOUR who hath done and suffered so much for us; may our only grief be "to give Him

pain"—may our "joy be to serve and fol low Him." Wheresoever He wishes us tc go, may we gladly obey; though our wills may be thwarted and our plans crossed, may we feel that covenant love and wisdom cannot lead us wrong; may we "wholly follow the LORD our GOD." Sanctify us by the indwelling of Thy HOLY SPIRIT, and bring us to live more under the influence of unseen realities.

We desire to remember before Thee all whom we love. Hide them under the shadow of the everlasting wings, until earth's calamities be overpast. Do Thou pour Thy richest benediction on this our household; known unto Thee are all our varied circumstances, our peculiar trials, and sorrows, and temptations, and perplexities. Our every burden we cast on a faithful GOD. Our souls, our lives, our cares, we leave entirely in Thy hands, saying, "Undertake Thou for us."

Pity the afflicted; be Thou the Father of

the fatherless, the Husband of the widow, the stranger's shield, and the orphan's stay; let them know that when heart and flesh faint and fail, Thou art the strength of their heart and their portion forever.

Lift upon us all the light of Thy countenance; the darkness of night has gathered around us, but do Thou shine upon us Thou better Sun:—it cannot be night if Thou be near. Watch over us during sleep, and when we awake may we be still with Thee. And all that we ask is for JESUS' sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Wednesday Morning.

GRACIOUS GOD, Light of all light, Source and Giver of every good and every perfect gift—do Thou draw near to us this day in Thine undeserved kindness—visit us with that love which Thou bearest unto Thine own.

What a GOD hast Thou been to us! We marvel to receive, morning after morning, new proofs of Thy care—new pledges of Thy faithfulness. Thou hast been loading us with Thy benefits, though we are ungrateful and unthankful creatures. It is in the name and in the merits of Thy dear Son alone that we can have any confidence in approaching Thee. We rejoice that we have ever a safe shelter and standing place at the foot of His cross. We rejoice that there, every attribute of Thy

nature has been vindicated and magnified. Myriads are now in glory to bear witness to the combined power and love of an all-gracious SAVIOUR, and what grace has done, grace can still do:—"the faithful saying" has lost none of its preciousness. LORD JESUS, stretch forth Thy succoring hand. Save us else we perish. There is not a sin but Thou art able to cancel—there is not the unsanctified heart Thou art unable to convert into a Temple of the living GOD.

Do Thou keep us from the evil that is in the world;—may the fear of GOD act as a holy preservative from temptation—may we bear about with us the spirit of the Master we serve;—as good soldiers may we range ourselves under His banners;—animated by holy allegiance to Him, may we feel every day as we rise, that we rise to conflict—that we are to mingle in a present evil world, where often when we think we stand, we are ready to fall. We

would seek to launch our souls on the Divine promises. May our weakness drive us to Almighty strength. Good LORD, keep us by Thy grace from an uneven walk, from inconsistency of conduct. May we be gentle, and lowly, and meek, and forgiving. May we overcome evil with good, cherishing the spirit of JESUS, willing to bear His cross, with the prospect of at last sharing His crown.

Do Thou bless this family and household. May it be one of the Tabernacles of the righteous, where the voice of joy and melody is often heard. [Bless parents and children, may the Lambs of the flock be the special care of the great and good Shepherd. Blessed JESUS, seal to them early an interest in Thy covenant—write their names in Thy Book of Life.]

We pray for all in sorrow, may they look to the hand which was pierced for them to bind up their bleeding wounds—may He who graciously said of old, "I know their

sorrows," be near with His own exalted sympathy to minister to their varied experiences of trial.

We pray for Thy cause throughout the world. Bless our nation, may she be the honored instrument among the kingdoms of the earth in greatly promoting the glory of her GOD. Bless our President, may he evermore have affiance in Thee, and ever seek Thy honor and glory. Bless every rank and condition, may Thy favor encompass all as with a shield.

Be Thou with us, blessed LORD, this day. May Thine angels encamp round about us and keep us in all our ways; and when we come to die, do Thou receive us into everlasting habitations, for the sake of JESUS CHRIST our only SAVIOUR. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Wednesday Evening.

MOST BLESSED GOD, Thou hast again in the multitude of Thy mercies permitted us to meet together around Thy holy footstool. Giver of all grace, draw Thou near to us in Thy great kindness; enable us to end another day with Thee, and to retire to rest this night in the conscious possession of Thy friendship and love.

What are we that we should be permitted to speak unto such a glorious and infinite GOD! We are dust and ashes—creatures of a day—who might long ere now have been righteously spurned from Thy presence. Blessed be Thy great and holy name for all the manifold proofs of Thy love; Thy ways are not as our ways; had they been so, we must all of us

have perished without hope:—it is of the LORD'S mercies that we are not consumed. LORD give to each of us this night to know the blessedness of being at peace with Thee—of taking hold on that everlasting covenant which is well-ordered in all things and sure, looking away from our guilty selves and our guilty doings, to Him who has done all for us, and left nothing for us to do, but to receive a free, everlasting salvation as the gift of Thy grace.

Give us a deep and abiding sense of our vileness and unworthiness. May sin and *all* sin be hated; may every bosom-traitor which has usurped the throne of our affections be cast down, that GOD Himself may be our all in all. May we seek to imbibe more of the spirit, and copy more of the example of our Divine Redeemer. May we feel it to be our joy to serve Him, our privilege to follow Him, our sorrow to vex and grieve Him. Take

us and use us for Thy glory;—sanctify our affections—elevate our desires;—may we have more of the character of holiness and breathe more of the atmosphere of Heaven. Keep us from being over careful and over troubled about earth's many things;—enable us to be more solicitous about the one thing needful;—may we be covetous only of the solid and durable riches of eternity.

Bless our beloved relatives; may they all be enabled to claim a common kindred with the one Elder Brother on the Throne. Set Thine own mark on each one of us; though we may be separated from each other now, may Thy blessed Angels gather us together at last in the same bundle for the Heavenly Garner.

Let none put off preparation for death till a dying hour:—a present hour is all that we can call our own;—may we be living in that state of holy preparedness for death, that when the silver cord by which life is suspended is broken, we may

awake up in Thy likeness in glory everlasting.

Look down on Thy church everywhere throughout the world—purify her more and more—may no weapon formed against her prosper;—may her ministers be men of GOD, and may her saints and people shout aloud for joy. Do Thou satisfy Zion's poor with bread. May every afflicted one receive out of the wells of Thine own consolation, and be led meekly to say "The LORD'S will be done."

Graciously take the charge of us during this night. We commend us all to Thy fatherly protection and care—whether we wake or sleep may we live together with Thee. And all we ask is for the LORD JESUS CHRIST'S sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Thursday Morning

O LORD our GOD, we desire to approach the footstool of Thine eternal Throne, adoring Thee as the everlasting GOD, the LORD, the Creator of the ends of the earth, who faintest not, neither art weary. Thy wisdom never fails—Thy love never wearies—Thy resources never exhaust. The kindness of the kindest knows a limit, but Thy kindness knows no limit. Life would be one vast blank without Thee; but with Thy friendship, favor, and blessing, we are rich, whatever else Thou mayest take away. Vicissitude is written on all around us—time may estrange the nearest and dearest on earth, but "Thou art the same"—loving us at the beginning, Thou wilt love us even unto the end.

We come unto Thee this morning in the name of Thy dear Son. All our hope is in Him. A dying, risen JESUS, is the only secure shelter for the weary and heavy laden. Oh give us to know the blessedness of that one Gospel-word, "No condemnation." Our sins reach unto the clouds—we cannot answer for one of a thousand; but we rejoice that we can look up to one who *has* answered for us.

Blessed SAVIOUR, Thou canst make every mountain of sin a plain. We can bury *all* in the ocean-depths of Thy forgiving mercy. We *seek* no other refuge and *need* no other refuge but Thee. We would *do* nothing and *be* nothing that Thou mayst be all in all. Relying on Thee we can look calm and undismayed on all the unknown and chequered future. We can cast all our own cares as they arise on Thee, feeling not only that Thou carest for us, but that Thou makest these very cares Thine own. We can look forward to the last

enemy of all—to death itself without alarm: the rays of Immanuel's love will dissipate the gloom of the dark valley, and cause us to rejoice in hopes full of immortality.

Meanwhile, do Thou sanctify to us all the dealings of Thy providence. May these prove heart-searchers, quickening our footsteps Heavenward. Let us follow the leadings of the Great Shepherd of the flock. Let us repose in the blessed assurance "we shall not want." Thou wilt not overburden us—all is gentle leading, gentle guiding. We have known Thee in the past, we will trust Thee in the future. Thou wilt lead us by a right way. Guide us while we live by Thy counsel, and when we come to die, may death be to us a falling asleep in the arms of infinite love.

Bless the church everywhere—may all Thy ministers be men of GOD, valiant for the truth, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; sustain the faith of those who amid manifold discour-

agements are laboring in Heathen lands; may the LORD send His Angel to stand by them, and shut the mouth of every gainsayer. Oh hasten that glorious time, when the year of Thy redeemed shall come, and the whole earth shall be filled with Thy glory.

Bless all of us who are here assembled. Known unto Thee are our several wants, and trials, and perplexities. Make Thy grace be sufficient for us. May a sense of Thy presence hallow all the day's duties, and lighten all its trials. And all we ask is for JESUS' sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Thursday Evening.

MOST BLESSED LORD, Father of all mercies, Thou art from everlasting to everlasting GOD, the same yesterday, and to day, and forever. Thou hast in Thy great goodness brought us again around the footstool of Thy Throne of Grace. During the past day many of our fellow-beings have gone into eternity;—we are spared! Thou hast been compassing our path—shielding us from manifold dangers, with unwearying watchfulness. None is so able, none is so willing as Thou art to befriend us in every danger, and guide us in every perplexity. We can experience no real blank, and mourn no real loss, if we have Thee. The LORD liveth, and blessed be our rock, and let the GOD of our salvation be exalted.

We desire this night to retire to rest, in the assured confidence that we have Thy favor resting upon us. Forgive all the sins of the past day—its sins of omission and commission, of thought and word and deed, whatever has been inconsistent with Thy pure and holy will. Let every day leave behind it the holy impression of some holy deeds;—make us more zealous for Thy honor and glory:—may we maintain a constant and habitual hatred of those sins which have so long severed us from Thee. As we are daily approaching nearer death, may we be better prepared for it. May we ever be near the brink of the atoning fountain—continually hid in the clefts of the Rock, that when the last mysterious summons shall come, our end may be peace.

Bless all who are in sickness and sorrow this night. Bind up their wounds. Let every wilderness-storm, and hurricane, drive them to lean more confidingly on the arm

of "the Beloved." May their trembling spirits repose on JESUS, and they shall be more than conquerors.

We pray for a whole world. Pity the nations that are sunk in heathen darkness. Hasten the Pentecostal effusion of the latter day. When the enemy is coming in like a flood, may the Spirit of GOD lift up a standard to resist him. Bless all Thy faithful missionaries. In lands where Christian sanctuaries are not, be Thou a little sanctuary to all Thy true servants—may they feel that the pleasure of the LORD is prospering in their hands—may they be the honored instruments in preparing many gems for Immanuel's crown. Direct their hearts into Thy love, and into the patient waiting for CHRIST.

Bless our household, may it be one of the tabernacles of the righteous where the voice of joy and praise is often heard. [Bless parents and children, master and servants. May the joy of the LORD be

our strength.] May we feel that in keeping Thy commandments there is a great reward.

As the pillar of cloud goes before us by day, may the unseen pillar of fire be with us by night. May angels gather around us during the unconscious hours of sleep—may no danger befall us, and no plague come nigh our dwelling. If pleased to spare us to see the light of another day, may we rise fitted and prepared for all the duties to which we may be called. And now unto Him who is alone able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, be ascribed all blessing, and honor, dominion and praise, world without end. *Amen*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Friday Morning.

ALMIGHTY AND MOST MERCIFUL FATHER, Thou art great and greatly to be feared; everything with Thee is infinite; infinite wisdom, infinite power, infinite love; Thy justice is as the great mountains, Thy judgments are a great deep!

LORD, our hearts are deceitful, but "Thou are greater than our hearts." Give us a lowly estimate of ourselves—and lofty views of JESUS. We have nothing of our own but our sins; all that is good in us comes from Thee in Him; we can confidently repose our everlasting interests on His finished work;—it is all that the chief of sinners require.

Forbid that we should presume on Thy mercy,—that we should take encourage-

ment to sin from abounding grace. May we feel that Thy pure eye is upon us, that Thou triest us not according to man's fallible judgment, but according to the standard of unerring rectitude and holiness. Let us not trifle with our souls, or trifle with Thee, or trifle with sin; may it be our lofty aim to be the servants of righteousness; may we show that the influence of Thy mercy and loving-kindness is to lead us to repentance—to reclaim our truant hearts from their wanderings, and bring them into subjection to the obedience of JESUS. Let us take Him in all things as our pattern. When in want of direction or guidance in any duty, or under any trial, may this be ever our inquiry—How would the SAVIOUR have acted here? May we seek to walk in His steps, and imbibe His unselfish spirit. May life be one grand effort to crucify self and to please GOD. Let us be willing to accept of anything with Thy smile in it, and to dread

nothing but what has Thy wrath and displeasure in it. In our varied spheres may we seek to be duty-doing Christians, actuated by the single motive of love to Thee. Let each feel that we have *some* work to perform, *some* mission for JESUS—*some* talent to trade on. We would cast by faith our mites into His Treasury, and ever be asking in simple faith, "LORD, what wouldst Thou have me to do." May we, this day and every day, have Thy countenance shining upon us, and then we must have peace. We cannot be happier than with the assurance of Thy love here, and the promise of Thy heaven hereafter—walking homewards, and walking with GOD.

Let Thine own hand be around all our beloved friends, present or absent. Inscribe their names in the Lamb's Book of Life; may they be Thine on that day when Thou makest up Thy jewels. Sanctify sorrow to the sons and daughters of affliction; let them not murmur under Thy Fatherly

chastisements; let them own Thy Sovereignty, and take comfort in the thought Thou doest all things well. LORD, how pt are we to murmur at Thy righteous dispensations; how much secret atheism is there here, how much looking to second causes, and thereby building of altars to the unknown GOD. Give us to see no hand but Thine in the bestowing and removing the gifts of Thy bounty. The LORD reigneth, let the earth be glad!

We commend us, blessed LORD, to Thee, and to the word of Thy grace. Do Thou hear, answer, and accept of us, for the sake of Him whom Thou hearest always, and to whom with Thee, the Father, and Thee ever-blessed Spirit, Three in One in covenant for our Redemption, be ascribed all blessing, and honor, and glory, and praise, world without end. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Friday Evening.

O LORD, we desire to approach Thy Throne of Grace, thanking Thee for the liberty of access we at all times enjoy to Thy footstool. We bless Thee that the gates of prayer are ever open—that Thou regardest the cry of the needy, and never sayest unto any of the seed of Jacob—"seek ye my face in vain."

How unworthy are we to come into Thy sacred presence. There is enough of coldness in our prayers, of insincerity in our repentance, of imperfection in our best attempts to serve Thee, that were we tried by these we must have perished forever. Our best prayers themselves require forgiveness.

Blessed JESUS, Thou great covenant Angel, let Thy golden censer down in the

midst of us this night, that we may have these poor words of ours perfumed with the precious incense of Thine adorable merits. In Thee alone are our persons and our services rendered acceptable. We flee to the pavilion of Thy love. Here we are safe, though everywhere else we be in danger. Let us exercise a simple confidence and trust in Thy completed work. We bring every sin to Thy cross—every wound to Thy healing. May we have Thee *in* all and *for* all the duties and trials of life. Do Thou disarm all its crosses—sanctify its losses—may prosperity and adversity be alike used for Thy glory.

Let us hate evil,—give us to feel how cherished sin ruins our peace, and unfits us for the enjoyment of Thee and Thy service. Keep us especially from presumptuous sins, let them not have dominion over us. May our religion show its vitality by its fruits; loving Thee our GOD, may we love our fellow-men; may we be patient

and unselfish, forbearing and forgiving, lowly and meek, pitiful and courteous. Let us overcome evil with good. May all our things be done with charity. May we show, by our Christ-like walk and conversation, what spirit we are of; not conformed to the painful practices and base compliances of a world lying in wickedness,—but seeking to have our conduct moulded in conformity with His benign Spirit and holy will.

Thou sympathizing SAVIOUR—be the Friend of the friendless, the support and solace of the bereaved. There are nameless sorrows on earth which are beyond the reach of the tenderest human sympathy—Elder Brother! make them Thine. What man cannot touch, the God-man can. This is Thy sublime prerogative, "I know their sorrows." Let all Thy tried people with joy anticipate that gladsome morning, when the shadow of death shall melt and merge into eternal glory.

Bless all our beloved friends,—may Thy loving eye rest upon them;—may a sense of Thy favor pervade all their doings—hallow all their joys and sanctify all their sorrows. May none be found wanting at Thy right hand on the Great Day.

Let us all order our plans as dying creatures; night after night as we retire to rest may we think of that deeper darkness which must, sooner or later, gather around us. Shepherd of Israel who never slumbers, and never sleeps, be Thou very near us, as we now retire to rest; may we repose beneath the shadow of Thy wings. Let us feel in the morning when we rise, that we rise to renew our work and warfare on earth—a day nearer glory and nearer Thee.

Hear us, blessed GOD, and grant us an abundant answer for the sake of Him whom Thou hearest always. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Saturday Morning.

O GOD, we desire to come into Thy blessed presence on this the morning of a new day, adoring Thee for all Thy mercies. Last night we might have slept the sleep of death; we might have been startled by the midnight cry, "Prepare to meet thy GOD!" But Thy love and forbearance again permits us to meet on praying ground; the day of grace is lengthened, and the GOD of grace waits to be gracious!

LORD we look back with amazement at Thy patience. Mercies have been abused —providences slighted—warnings neglected. Our lives are a long dark retrospect of ingratitude and guilt:—Justly mightest Thou have said, "Let them alone,"—"why should they be stricken any more?"

But Thou art not willing to leave us

thus to be exiled from Thee: Thou art still opening up a way for the return of Thy prodigal and wayward children. In wrath Thou art remembering mercy. We have still the richest encouragement to repair to the opened fountain: Jesus still waits—His blood still cleanses—His spirit still pleads. The faithful saying is as faithful as ever—"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Thy thoughts are not as man's thoughts; the most wondrous of all thoughts of a GOD whose ways are past finding out, is, that the sinner with all his deep depravity, and unutterable vileness, and base ingratitude, can yet be welcomed, pardoned, accepted, *loved!*

We desire to receive this new day as a fresh gift from Thee. Let Thine approval form throughout it a holy incentive to every duty. Let us feel that we never can be happy but when pleasing Thee. Let us be aiming ever at a conquest of self; subordinating all we do to Thy service.

LORD, it is Thy will and desire that every moment we should be reaping glory for Thee—keep us from so alienating existence, from its great end, as to be living to ourselves. We look to Thy grace to enable us thus to will and to do. Thou hast wrought all *for* us, and Thou alone canst work all *in* us. Strengthen us with all might by Thy Spirit in the inner man. How slow we are to believe that our truest security is leaning confidingly on Thine arm. Thou art faithful that promised—Thou art *more* faithful—Thou art better than Thy word. Thy name is the GOD of *all* grace—Thou givest all sufficiency in *all* things. The cup runneth over that is filled by Thee—and nothing can come wrong to us that comes from Thy hand.

Bless all near and dear to us; all that is truly good for them in this life do Thou bestow; and, what is better, do Thou give them the heritage of glory. [May our children be the children of the covenant—may

they grow up as willows by the water courses, and be a seed to serve Thee when we are gathered to our fathers.]

Take us all, young and old, this day under Thy protection. GOD of all mercy spread Thy covering wings around us. Be our GOD and Guide even unto death, and finally bring us to Thine everlasting kingdom through the merits of Thy dear Son—our only LORD and SAVIOUR. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Saturday Evening.

O GOD, Thou art the King eternal, immortal, and invisible. The Heaven of Heavens cannot contain Thee. Myriads of pure and holy spirits cease not day nor night to celebrate Thy praises. All their adorations cannot add to Thy glory; all their homage cannot augment Thine ineffable blessedness.

What are we that we should be permitted to approach the presence of a GOD, so great and so glorious. Every day and every hour condemns us. Thou seest more deficiency and defilement in our best deeds than we see in our worst. *We* are apt to palliate sin—but no sin is trivial with *Thee.* We are apt to forget sin—we are too willing to hide it from Thee, and hide it from ourselves—but we cannot evade Thy right-

eous scrutiny. We cannot screen our guilt from the great Heart-searcher :—all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.

But blessed be Thy name, we have "to do" with such a GOD as Thee. "Who is a GOD like unto our GOD that pardoneth iniquity?" Sinners, and the "chief of sinners"—guilty—tempest-tossed—seeking rest and finding none—we find it, LORD, in the blood, and work, and merits, and righteousness of Thy dear Son. Casting our eternal *all* on Him, we can rejoicingly say—"Return unto thy rest, O our souls, for the LORD hath dealt bountifully with us."

Bring us to live more constantly and habitually under the constraining influence of Redeeming love. May these souls of ours ransomed at such a price be wholly dedicated to Thy service. Let us not dream of reconciliation if we still cleave to unmortified sin. Let us not deceive our-

selves with the form of godliness. Let us not rock ourselves asleep, saying—"Peace, peace, where there is no peace." Let us know more and more that this is Thy will concerning us, even our sanctification. May grace be waxing stronger and stronger, and sin waxing weaker and weaker. May this struggle against corruption issue in the confirmed habit of holy life. May Thy Spirit—the Spirit of grace, and peace, and love, "garrison" our hearts. Cast out every rival; keep us from pride—the great master-passion of our fallen and corrupted hearts; from vain glory and hypocrisy; from envious, uncharitable, unforgiving frames and tempers. Keep us from the secret atheism which refuses to own Thy hand, and which calls that "accident" which is the solemn and deliberate decree of a wisdom which cannot err. O may we be preserved in body, soul, and spirit, ready to be presented faultless at last before the presence of Thy glory with exceeding joy.

Be Thou with us this night. Be the Guardian of our unconscious hours. Whether we wake or sleep may we live together with Thee.

Thou hast brought us to the end of another week. We are on the eve of another Sabbath;—oh may we be nearer Heaven, and better prepared for an everlasting season of Communion with Thee. We would desire especially, as the week is closing, to remember before Thee all our beloved friends. God of all grace, dispense to them Thy richest blessings. May those ties which on earth are so precarious and liable to be dissolved, be rendered indissoluble by grace—that so when we part on earth, it be only to meet in glory everlasting.

Have mercy on all who are in affliction. O Thou Healer of the broken-hearted, Thou Helper of the helpless, may every wounded spirit be bound up by Thee. May the lonely and unbefriended feel that in the loneliest solitude they are not alone, if

Thou, their God and Father, art with them. Spare valued and valuable lives, and may those who are appointed to death, have the valley-gloom lighted with Immanuel's love.

And now, Lord, what wait we for? our hope is in Thee;—our wishes, our desires, our interests, our joys, our sorrows, our friends, we leave entirely to Thy care and disposal. Prepare us for the solemn duties and services of another day of the Son of Man. Give to all of us a double portion of Thy Holy Spirit, that our souls may be fitted for holding nearer and more intimate fellowship with Thee. And all that we ask is for the LORD JESUS CHRIST'S sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

OCCASIONAL PRAYERS

Morning of a Communion Sabbath.

ALMIGHTY AND EVERLASTING GOD, we bless Thee for the return of another day of the Son of Man. Pour out upon us a double portion of Thy grace:—fill our hearts with Thy love. May all vain, and wandering, and sinful thoughts be repressed; may our communion and fellowship this day be with the Father and with his Son JESUS CHRIST.

We bless Thee, O most gracious LORD, for the prospect we have of anew commemorating the dying love of our risen and exalted Redeemer—of surrounding once more the table in the wilderness, and partaking of the bread of everlasting life.

Give to each of us the "wedding garment." Let us prepare to meet our GOD. May we feel that the place whereon we are to stand is holy ground. May we rejoice at the renewed opportunity of testifying in the presence of angels and men our unaltered and unalterable attachment to our blessed LORD and Master. In a strength greater than our own may we be enabled to resolve that He will be henceforth ours only—ours wholly—ours forever.

Give us this day quickening apprehensions of the great love wherewith He hath loved us: may we see, in some feeble measure, into its depths. May these dead and lukewarm souls of ours be quickened into newness of life. May our faith be invigorated, and our love deepened, and our graces strengthened. May this be the grateful aspiration of all our hearts—"What shall we render unto the LORD, for all His benefits towards us. We will take the cup of Salvation and call upon the

name of the LORD; we will pay our vows unto the LORD now in the presence of all His people."

We pray for all who are to break along with us this day the bread of life. Give to each of them some special token of Thy covenant love. May they see the King in His beauty. May their experience be—"It was good for us to draw near unto GOD." Keep back all presumptuous and unworthy guests. Encourage all misgiving, trembling, faint-hearted ones. While feeling their own *un*worthiness may they remember they go to commemorate the infinite *worthiness* of Him who is *all-worthy*. May they hear Thy voice of encouragement saying "fear not, for I know that ye seek JESUS who was crucified."

Go forth this day everywhere with the preaching of Thy holy gospel. May wanderers be reclaimed; may mourners be comforted; may saints be edified; may Thy name be glorified. Stand by Thy minister-

ing servants:—may they hide themselves behind their LORD, pointing away from the excellency of their own speech and their own wisdom to Him, who alone by the attractive power of His Cross, can draw all men unto Him. We commend to Thy paternal keeping our beloved friends. May they be among the number of Thy sealed ones. Sanctify them in body, soul, and spirit, that they may at last be presented faultless and unblamable before Thy dear Son, at His appearing and His kingdom. Bless this household; masters and servants [parents and children]. Let us all at last sit down one united and undivided family with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, at the better feast of communion in Thy heavenly kingdom. And all that we ask is for the sake of Him, in whose most precious words we would farther say—

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c

Evening of a Communion Sabbath.

MOST GRACIOUS GOD, who hast in Thy good providence brought us to the close of another Sabbath, we entreat Thee to accept of our unfeigned thanks for all the loving kindness and tender mercy Thou hast made this day to pass before us. We bless Thee for all that our eyes have seen, and our hands have handled of the Word of life. Do Thou wash us after supper. May the benediction and blessing of the Master of the feast rest upon us. May we descend the holy mount rejoicing in the presence and love of Him, who brought us into His own banqueting house, and caused His banner over us to be love. Gracious GOD, give us grace to pay the vows which our lips have this day uttered; fulfil in us all the good pleasure of Thy

goodness, and the work of faith with power, that the name of the LORD JESUS CHRIST may be magnified. As we have named His precious name anew, may we henceforth depart from all iniquity. Send us help out of Thy sanctuary, and strengthen us out of Zion:—may the LORD grant us the desires of our hearts, and fulfil all our petitions. May a Communion Sabbath's services diffuse a hallowed glow over all the duties and engagements of the week:—may we show to the world that we have "been with JESUS," and that it has been no vain thing for us to draw near unto GOD. LORD, our own strength is weakness; we cannot follow out one single resolution depending on ourselves. We will go in the strength of the LORD GOD. May we be kept by Thy mighty power. May we exercise a holy jealousy over ourselves. Let us hear Thy monitory voice ever saying to us—"When thou thinkest thou standest take heed lest thou fall."

Keep us from the beginnings of sin; preserve us from wandering on debateable ground; may we ever be where we should wish to be found by our LORD when He cometh. Our cry would be "More grace! more grace!"—our trust would be in that GOD who, as the GOD of *all* grace, can impart an *all*-sufficiency in *all* things. Sanctify our hearts by the indwelling of Thy blessed Spirit. May they become temples dedicated to His glory. May this be their motto and superscription—"Holiness to the LORD."

We pray for those who may have joined with us this day in the same solemn and sacred ordinance. We commend each and all to the great Shepherd of the sheep, who through the blood of the everlasting covenant will make them perfect to do His will.

Regard in Thy great mercy, any who may have been prevented from waiting upon Thee in Thy house and in Thine ordinances. Compensate by an increased sup

ply of Thine own promised grace for the want of public services. Transform every sick-chamber, and every death-bed, into the house of GOD and the gate of heaven. May valuable lives be prolonged. May the bereaved be comforted: may they repose their bleeding bosoms on Him who *bare* their sorrows and *knows* their sorrows.

Take the charge of us this night; watch over us during the unconscious hours of sleep; may we all come at last to the eternal blessedness of an uninterrupted Communion Sabbath in glory, around which no shadows shall fall;—for there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the LORD GOD giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Prayer for a Day of Humiliation.

ALMIGHTY AND MOST MERCIFUL GOD, Thou art glorious in holiness, faithful in praises, continually doing wonders. Thou art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity;—Thou canst not look upon sin but with abhorrence. Do Thou pour out upon us this day the spirit of grace and of supplication—the spirit of humility and deep abasement. In self-renouncing lowliness we desire to take the publican's place and cry out, "unclean, unclean!—GOD be merciful unto us sinners!"

Father! we have sinned against heaven and in Thy sight, we are no more worthy to be called Thy children. Our sins have reached unto the clouds: they are sins of deep aggravation—they have been committed against manifold privileges, solemn

warnings, earnest entreaties, innumerable mercies. The kindness of the best earthly friend has been nothing to Thine. Morning and evening have had the same testimony to bear of unmerited patience, and condescension, and love,—and yet our hearts have been ungrateful and unthankful. They have been mercies abused—warnings slighted—providences unsanctified.

We acknowledge our sins as individuals. Our hearts have been estranged from Thee:—we have been lovers of pleasure more than lovers of GOD. Divine things have not been ever using a paramount influence over us. We have been living for earth—seeking our chief good short of Thyself, the only soul-satisfying portion. Our love has been cold—our faith weak—our graces languid—our services polluted: self and sin have mingled with our best attempts to glorify Thee. We have not been exercising a holy jealousy over ourselves. We have been guilty of envy and jealousy—

we have harbored unkind suspicions of others—we have not had that charity which hopeth all things, and believeth all things, and endureth all things. In prosperity we have been unmindful of the author of our mercies. In adversity we have been tempted to give way to hard thoughts and unrighteous surmises about the faithfulness and rectitude of Thy dealings.

We acknowledge our sins as families. We have not been exhibiting a holy consistency of walk and conversation—we have not been declaring before the world that as for us and our house we will serve the LORD. Thy word has not been prized as it ought. The flame of love and devotion has not burned brightly on the domestic altar as it ought. The leaven of vital godliness has not been pervading with its hallowed influences our family engagements, and occupations, and duties. We have not done what we might have done for Thee—we have been more set on selfish

and worldly schemes and objects, than in devising measures for the promotion of Thy glory and the good of our fellow men. The religion professed by the lip has not been verified and exemplified by holy and devout practice.

We confess our sins as a church and as a nation. LORD, Thou hast filled our cup with mercies—Thou hast dealt with us as Thou hast not dealt with any other people. But, alas! have we not abused our privileges? We mourn and blush to think of the vice and profligacy—the intemperance and ungodliness which is rising up in terrible memorial against our highly-favored land. We mourn our desecrated Sabbaths, and deserted sanctuaries, and unread Bibles; —we mourn the eye service and the lip homage which, too often among Thy professing people, takes the place of heart and soul's consecration;—we mourn the little we have done, the much we have left undone, to promote Thy cause in the world.

Father, forgive us these our many and heinous offences—humble us in the dust because of all our unworthiness. Give us grace this day, while we mourn the past, humbly, but earnestly, to resolve to live more devotedly to Thee in the future. Accept of our unworthy confessions for JESUS' sake. Sprinkle these guilty hearts with his precious blood. Let us seek in all time to come to walk before Thee in holiness and righteousness of life to the glory of Thy name.

We commend ourselves and all belonging to us to Thy care and keeping—never leave and never forsake us; and all that we ask or hope for, is in the name and for the sake of JESUS CHRIST, our blessed LORD and SAVIOUR. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

[IF ON A DAY OF HUMILIATION PRECEDING THE COMMUNION.]

(IN the prospect of sitting down at Thy holy table, may we be enabled to look upon Him whom all these transgressions of ours have pierced, and to mourn. May we be melted under a sense of our own great unworthiness, and of His amazing love; when we take into our hands the memorials of his anguish and sufferings, may they read to us an affecting lesson of the evil of that accursed thing, which cost the Son of God so much. Let us not venture on that holy ground with one single sin unrepented of, or uncrucified. Let us go humbly resolving that we are to be wholly Thine,—that whatsoever others do, as for us, we will serve the LORD.)

[IF ON THE OCCURRENCE OF ANY NATIONAL CALAMITY—SUCH AS PLAGUE, PESTILENCE, FAMINE, OR WAR.]

(THOU art now seeing meet in Thine adorable providence to read aloud to us as a nation, solemn lessons of rebuke and judgment. We acknowledge anew that our sins are the fruitful cause of national calamities; instead of wondering at these vials of Thy wrath, we have rather reason to wonder and be amazed that Thou hast forborne so long—that Thou hast been so slow to deal out merited retribution. LORD, listen to our fervent supplications for Thy returning favor; avert farther calamity. Let us fall into the hands of GOD, for great are His mercies. Do Thou say to the destroying angel as He is even now hovering around us, "It is enough, stay now thine hand." May this national chastisement lead to national repentance. May we come forth

from the furnace purified as the gold—vessels of glory more and more meet for the Master's use.)

LORD, bless each and all of us now assembled;—make us Thine own;—put Thine own seal and mark upon us;—fit us for living—fit us for dying. May we, and all near and dear to us, have the heritage of those that fear thy name. May we be bound up now in the same bundle of spiritual life, that at the appearing and kingdom of our great LORD and SAVIOUR, we may enter with His ransomed people on glory everlasting; and all that we ask is for His sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Christmas Day.

ALMIGHTY AND EVERLASTING GOD, the Father of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, we desire on this sacred anniversary to draw near, in His name, to Thy holy footstool. Our souls would magnify the LORD—our spirits would rejoice in GOD our SAVIOUR; for He that is mighty hath done great things, and holy is His name. Blessed be the LORD GOD of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people, and hath raised up for us an horn of salvation in the house of His servant David.

We look back with devoutest gratitude and joy to that memorable night when the angels appeared over the Plains of Bethlehem, proclaiming that the promised Child was born, the promised SAVIOUR

was given—that through Him, while glory was secured to GOD in the highest, peace was proclaimed on earth and good will to the children of men. We adore the amazing condescension which brought the LORD of life and of glory from His Throne in Heaven to that manger of humiliation; "GOD over all," dwelling in union with an infant of days!

We desire this morning to present ourselves before the Holy Child JESUS, like the wise men of old, with the gold and frankincense and myrrh of our best affections and deepest love. Had it not been for this inconceivable stoop from the infinite to the finite, where would we have been this day? Well may we join in the angelic song, and say "Glory! eternal glory be to GOD in the highest for His best—His unspeakable gift, without which not one ray of hope or joy could have visited our doomed world!" As we gather in thought around His unhonored cradle,

may our souls rise in lively gratitude to Him who spared not His only Son, but freely gave him up to the death for us all. We will sing unto the LORD a new song, for he hath done marvellous things; His right hand and His holy arm have gotten Him the victory. Thanks be unto GOD who giveth us the victory through the LORD JESUS CHRIST.

May we seek by holy, righteous, and consistent lives—by holy living and holy walking—to show that we are not insensible of all his unmerited love and kindness. Blessed JESUS, make us Thine! Sanctify us wholly;—wean us from earth—train us for glory. Forbid that it should be said that for any of us, Bethlehem's manger was prepared in vain, and Bethlehem's angel-song sung in vain. Contemplating Him this day in His humiliation, when he was made in the likeness of man, may it be ours to look forward with holy joy to His second coming in the clouds of Heaven—

His tears, and sorrows, and cries all past—when the Babe of Bethlehem—the sufferer of Gethsemane—the crucified of Calvary—shall be seated on the Throne of universal empire, and crowned "LORD of all."

We pray that His holy name may be everywhere magnified. Arise, O GOD, and plead Thine own cause. May a dark world be soon cheered by the wondrous proclamation we this day love to recall. May the "Prince of Peace" take to Himself His great power and reign, causing men to beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks.

We pray for the afflicted—lead them this day to Bethlehem's manger and Bethlehem's SAVIOUR—show them all that He was willing to do for *them*, and may this reconcile them to bear patiently whatever trial he may see meet to appoint, may they rejoice in the tender sympathy of their Great High Priest, remembering one great end for which He descended to the

lowly manger was—that *in all points* He might be tempted even as they are.

Bless our family—we would seek to avouch the LORD this day to be our GOD. Whatever others do, as for us we will serve Thee. [Bless our children—let them be brothers and sisters of Him who (once the lowly child JESUS) is now an exalted Elder Brother on the Throne.]

Give us all that is really good for us—withhold all that is evil; may Thy will be our only rule and directory—may we trust Thee in everything, and look forward with joyful hearts to that better time, when we shall be permitted, with a multitude which no man can number, to take up the song of this day, and ascribe "glory to GOD in the highest," for that mercy which through His own dear Son is to endure forever. All we ask is for His sake. *Amen*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

The Last Night of the Year.

O LORD, we adore Thee as the GOD of times and seasons, of days and of years. Thou alone art without any variableness or shadow of turning. Thou didst inhabit the glories of eternity before the birth of time or of worlds. Thou hadst no beginning of days;—Thou canst know no end of years. Amidst fleeting moments and revolving seasons, the past, and present, and future, are to Thee one ever-present "Now." A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, or as a watch in the night. It is our comfort to know amid so much that is transient in a fleeting world, that *Thou* art the same,—that Thy throne has the pillars of immutability to rest upon, that though all be changing and hastening

to decay and dissolution, *Thy* dominion endureth throughout all generations.

We desire on this the last day of another year to bow at Thy footstool, and to take a solemn retrospect of all the year's mercies. We have indeed good reason this night to set up our Ebenezer, and to say "the LORD has helped us!" It is a retrospect of love. We may well write as our motto on its waning hours, "We have received at the LORD'S hands double for all our sins." From how many unseen dangers hast thou delivered us—from how many temptations which we had no strength of our own to resist, hast Thou rescued us. How many have this last year been wasted with sickness or racked with pain, or stretched on beds of languishing, yet Thou hast mercifully protected us. [How many households have been darkened with the shadows of death—the hallowed circle broken, and the gourds withered—and yet we are still among the living to praise

Thee.] How many thousands of our fellow-men since the year began have passed into eternity—but we, unworthy cumberers are yet spared!—the axe has not been laid to the root of the tree—we are preserved another year longer—night after night we laid ourselves down and slept because the LORD sustained us, and we are still the objects of His unceasing watchfulness and tender care.

O GOD, when we think of Thy great mercies what shall we say of the retrospect of our past sins? The record of another year is now ascending to Thy Throne; alas! it is the record of abused mercies, and despised warnings, and misimproved providences, and lukewarm hearts, and careless, thankless lives! Were we to be judged by the duties and doings, the sins and shortcomings of any one day of the passing year we would be righteously condemned. Oh, ere the record *has* passed upwards to Thy Great Book, do Thou wash out every

stain in the blood of Emmanuel. We have no hope but in Him. We desire this night to hear His own blessed words of consolation and mercy—"Son, daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins are all forgiven Thee." We mourn, O GOD, how little we have been affected by the manifold proofs of Thy kindness. Lead us to repentance. Bring us more and more to realize the untold depth of obligation under which we are laid to Him who hath loved us with an everlasting love. We would mourn the past and seek for "more grace" for the future. Come LORD and search us and try us, and see if there be any wicked way in us, and lead us in the way everlasting. May the lives which Thou hast during another year prolonged and preserved by Thy bounty, be willingly consecrated as thank-offerings to Thy praise.

We desire at this time more particularly, to commend to Thy Fatherly and goodness all in whom we are interested. May

our absent friends meet us this night in spirit around the Throne of the Heavenly grace, severally commending *us*, as we now desire to commend *them* to Thy care and love. Make them the objects of Thy providential bounty, and subjects of Thy Heavenly grace and kingdom. May they too be brought to bewail the sins of the past, and seek for new grace in entering on a new period of existence. Oh when this rapid flight of years and seasons shall have come to an end, may we all be found in the regions of everlasting day, to unite together in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

Compassionate all in affliction—may the bereaved be comforted—may the dying be prepared for their great change—may the living know that they too must die.

We desire to retire to rest under the solemnising impression that we are a year nearer eternity—that a year more of our probation time is fled—that a year less of

grace, and opportunity, and privilege, belongs to us. LORD, take the charge of us, and if Thou art pleased to spare us to see the light of a new day and a new year, may it be to us the emblem of a better morning and a nobler term of being, when earth's shadows and darkness shall have forever fled, and when we shall be satisfied, awaking in Thy likeness. And all we ask is for the REDEEMER'S sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

First Morning of a New Year.

ALMIGHTY AND EVERLASTING GOD, Thou art the Alpha and the Omega —the First and the Last. Amid all the viscissitudes of a changing world, Thou changest not. All things below must perish—but Thou remainest the same.

Thou hast mercifully preserved us to see the commencement of another year. We desire to begin this new period of our existence by consecrating its every hour to Thee. Before we enter on its manifold duties, and its unknown trials, we beseech Thee to impart to us Thy gracious benediction; we would seek to connect its coming blessings with Thee—to own Thy hand and Thy wisdom in its coming sorrows; we would seek to feel that it can only be to us a *happy* year by being a *holy*

one—spent in Thy service and devoted to Thy praise.

It is one of the many new years we *have* seen; we cannot tell how few we may have to see. Our prayer is that we may live this year as if it were to be our last, and as if the angel of death were now whispering in our ears—"Ere the close of it, thy soul shall be required of Thee."

LORD, we desire to begin the year where we would wish to begin and to end its every day—at the opened Fountain. We desire to take as our motto and superscription throughout its course—"God forbid that we should glory save in the Cross of the LORD JESUS CHRIST." We desire to connect this new year's morning with the great atoning sacrifice, without which no years could have revolved to us—no blessings been vouchsafed. Our every temporal comfort, as well as every spiritual blessing, flows to us entirely from JESUS. Oh, do Thou enkindle in our

hearts this day a flame of more ardent devotedness to Him whose amazing love it is that crowneth every year with goodness, and makes all its paths to drop fatness. Good LORD, we desire this morning to make a fresh consecration of ourselves and our household unto Thee. Sprinkle our lintels with covenant blood. Set Thine own seal and mark in our foreheads. If in past years there has been forgetfulness of Thee—if Thy kindness has been abused, and Thy mercies slighted, and Thy name dishonored, enable each and all of us to make this year one of more undivided surrender to Thy service. May it be a new year of love, and meekness, and forgiveness, and close walking with GOD. May sin be more dreaded, and holiness more loved. May the lessons of eternity come more powerfully and impressively home to us. Let us live as immortal beings. Let us live a dying life. Let it not be the impression of a solemn anniversary like the

present, but an habitual conviction—"The fashion of this world passeth away." O LORD, accept of this our united new year's sacrifice. We would light our flickering lamps at Thy holy altar; do Thou plenish us day by day with the oil of Thy grace—that should any of us be summoned in the course of the year to meet our LORD, we may not have to make the mournful confession—"our lamps have gone out."

Good LORD, bless all our dear friends; we would remember *them*, as we trust they are remembering *us* this day at Thy footstool. Hear our mutual prayers; may the cloud of mercy descend on all our heads. Though absent from one another on earth, may faith bring us near, by having our tents pitched by the gate of heaven.

Bless our native land; may it ever remain a centre of holy influences—distinguished by that righteousness which exalteth a nation. Bless our President, our rulers, our senators, our magistrates. Bless

the ministers of the everlasting Gospel; may they be wise to win souls; and may every religious privilege we now enjoy be handed down unimpaired to the latest posterity.

GOD of all grace, we commend us to Thee: undertake Thou for us. Let the pillar of Thy presence go before us. Do Thou direct, control, suggest, throughout this year all that we design or do—so that every power of our bodies, and every faculty of our souls, may unite for the showing forth of Thy praise and glory. And all that we ask is for the sake of JESUS, Thine only Son, and our SAVIOUR. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

For a time of Bereavement.

O LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, we rejoice to think that "the LORD reigneth!" that though Thy way may sometimes seem to be in the sea and Thy path in the deep waters, and Thy judgments unsearchable, yet that nothing can happen by accident or chance—but all is the unerring dictate of infinite wisdom and unchanging faithfulness and love.

Where would we be at this hour, O GOD, but for the blessed assurance, "*This* also cometh from the LORD of Hosts," who, though "wonderful in counsel" is ever "excellent in working"—often we cannot discern through our tears the rectitude and love of Thy varied dispensations —often are we led to say with trembling and misgiving hearts, "verily, Thou art a

GOD that hidest Thyself." But "all is well;" we could not wish our concerns in better hands than in Thine; may this wondrous challenge silence and rebuke every murmur,—"He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up to the death for us all, how shall he not with Him also freely give us all things?" How can He send one trial that is unnecessary, or light one spark in the furnace that might be spared; we will be dumb, we will not open our mouths because *Thou* didst it. Man *may* err, and *has* often erred; but O unerring GOD! Thy faithfulness Thou hast established in the heavens,—the Judge of all the earth *must* do right. We would seek to lie submissive at Thy feet, and say, in unmurmuring resignation, "Thy will be done." We "*fear* to enter into the cloud," —Thou hast afflicted us by terrible things in righteousness which we looked not for; the desire of our eyes has been taken away by a stroke—the shadows of death have

unexpectedly fallen around us! Oh forbid that we should rebel under the rod, and refuse to be comforted. Let us glorify Thee "in the fires;" let us feel that if we are Thy children, there is not a drop of wrath in that cup of sorrow, but all is love, infinite love. We would see no hand but Thine, "the *LORD* gave us our blessings, and the *LORD* has a supreme and inalienable right to take them away"—"even so, Father, for it seemeth good in *Thy* sight."

Our earnest prayer, blessed GOD, is, that this severe trial may be sanctified to us all; we have need of such a blow to remind us that earth is not our rest. We were leaning on the creature—we were disowning and undeifying the Great Creator. Thou wouldst not leave us to ourselves, to settle on our lees. Thou sawest the need of fatherly chastisement to bring back our alien and truant hearts to Thyself. Oh may we listen to our Father's voice; may we feel it to be a *loud* voice, and yet full

of gentle tenderness; may it rouse within each of us the question, "What wilt Thou have me to do? May we arise and call upon our GOD." Thus may this very affliction, so dark and mysterious, which for the present seemeth not to be joyous but grievous, nevertheless afterward yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness.

LORD abundantly sanctify this solemn dispensation to every member of our household,—to all friends and neighbors. May the monitory voice sound loudly in our ears "Be ye also ready." It is another testimony borne to the truth that "at such a time as we think not, the Son of GOD may come." May it be ours ever to live in preparation for that solemn event which awaits us all. Whatsoever our hand findeth to do, may we do it with our might, remembering that there is no work nor device, nor labor, nor repentance in the grave whither we are going.

Sprinkle us all with the blood of JESUS;

give us all a saving interest in Him, as the Resurrection and the Life. Let us hear His voice of encouragement and love, sounding amid the stillness of the death-chamber, and from the depths of the sepulchre, "Fear not: I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of the grave and of death." "Yet a little while, and He that *shall* come *will* come, and will not tarry;" soon these bitter tears and partings of a weeping world will be over;—death-divided friends shall meet, never again to know separation. Enable us to look forward to that blessed hope and that glorious appearing, when "them also which sleep in JESUS will GOD bring with Him."

LORD meanwhile descend, and to the friendless prove a Friend. O Thou Helper of the Helpless, Thou Comforter of all that are cast down, Thou better and dearer than the dearest and best of earthly relatives, give us that grace which Thou hast

promised specially in seasons of weakness, may we realize the truth of Thine own precious promise, "as thy day is, so shall thy strength be." Deep is now calling to deep, all Thy waves and thy billows are going over us, yet the LORD, will command His loving kindness in the day-time, and in the night His song shall be with us, and our prayer to the GOD of our life. However low we may be sunk under the waves and billows, the arms of Thy love and upholding grace are lower still. LORD, may it be our sweet experience that the deeper we sink, it only brings out more the infinite depths of Thy love and mercy. May this more than reconcile us to bear all and suffer all—"we shall soon be done with earth, and be with our GOD, and that forever and ever."

Do Thou hide us meanwhile in the clefts of the Smitten Rock, until this and all other of earth's calamities be overpast. May we trust Thee where we cannot trace Thee, and

wait patiently for the great day of disclosures, when *all* shall be revealed, and *all* be found redounding to the praise and the glory of Thy great name!

Hear us, blessed GOD, and all that we ask is for the sake of Thy dear Son, our only LORD and SAVIOUR. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

Prayer to be used by a Family detained from Public Worship.

ALMIGHTY AND EVERLASTING GOD, Thou art glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, continually doing wonders. Thy Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom, Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations. Amid all the changes and vicissitudes of a changing world, Thou the LORD changest not. Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end.

We desire to bless and praise Thy holy name for the return of another day of the Son of man. This is the day which the LORD hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it. Do Thou go forth everywhere with the preaching of the everlasting Gospel. Clothe Thy priests with salvation. Let Thy saints shout aloud for joy. May the

assemblies of Thy people be enabled to worship Thee in the beauties of holiness, and feel it to be good for them to draw near unto GOD. It is our comfort to know that Thou are not confined to Temples made with hands;—that wherever there is a true worshipper, there is a prayer-hearing GOD. O Thou GOD of Bethel—GOD of our Fathers, and the covenant GOD of all who truly fear Thee, do Thou look down in kindness on us who are prevented this day by the restraints of Thy Providence, from joining with our fellow-christians in the public services of the sanctuary. It is not to numbers Thou lookest:—wherever two or three are gathered together in Thy name, we have Thine own recorded promise that there Thou wilt be in the midst of them to bless them and to do them good. Though Thou lovest the gates of Zion, Thou art not forgetful of the dwellings of Jacob. Thou hast said that Thou wilt create upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion, as well as

upon her assemblies, a cloud of smoke by day and the shining of a flaming fire by night;—O let the pillar of Thy promised presence go before us; may we feel like Thy disciples of old when the voices of heavenly messengers on the mount were silenced—that we are "alone with Jesus." Gracious SAVIOUR! abide Thou with us; we are independent of all ordinances if we have Thee—it is Thy presence and love which gives a blessing to all outward means of grace; Thy most hallowed altar, is the altar of a humble, lowly, contrite heart; Thy most acceptable sacrifice, is the incense of grateful love—of devoted, obedient, submissive lives. Oh, Thou Great Angel of the everlasting covenant, do Thou sprinkle these our unworthy prayers and services with the incense of Thy spotless merits, that thus, worthless and polluted in themselves, they may be made acceptable in the sight of GOD.

LORD, may every returning Sabbath be finding us better prepared for the eternal

Sabbath. May sin be dying within us. May we be progressively advancing in the divine life. May we be abounding in faith and hope, and love; seeking by Thy grace to walk in newness of life—more humbly, more consistently, more prayerfully. May we live as dying creatures. May all the solemn events that are taking place among ourselves and around us, be so many voices proclaiming, "Arise and depart ye, for this is not your rest." LORD, break the world's alluring spell; strip it of its vain fascinations; let the "seen and the temporal" be more subordinated to the "unseen and eternal;" —may we give evidence to all, that we are living under the power and influence of Gospel principles and renewed affections. May we be meek and gentle—patient and forbearing—thankful and resigned. And even though trial and sorrow should at times be our allotted portion, may we seek to show that the grace of GOD can impart an inner sunshine, which no outward darkness can obscure

Do Thou look down in mercy on all our dear friends;—may they too see the good of Thy chosen and glory with Thine inheritance;—may the fragrance of this day's services follow them all throughout the week;—may they have the increasing experience that the way of holiness is the way of happiness.

Bless all Thy missionary servants. Give them a double portion of Thy Spirit.—May it be their privilege this day, to gather in some sheaves of the great gospel harvest.—May the LORD of the harvest stand by them to strengthen them; should they now only be sowing in tears, may it be theirs at last to reap in joy.

And now LORD, what wait we for? Our hope for ourselves, and for all near and dear to us, is in Thee. Hear us for the sake of Him whom Thou hearest always, and in whose most precious name and words we would further pray, saying—

Our Father, &c.

For one in Dangerous Illness.

O GOD, our Heavenly Father, in Thee we live, and move, and have our being. We rejoice to think that Thy hand is never shortened that it cannot save—that Thine ear is never heavy that it cannot hear. We rejoice to think of Thine own recorded promise, that the prayer of faith, if consistent with Thy blessed will, will save the sick. We entreat Thee to look down in great mercy on that member of our family who is this [day] laid on a bed of languishing. May it please Thee of Thine infinite goodness speedily to restore [him.] Do Thou rebuke [his] disease. Bring [him] back from the gates of the grave. May this sickness not be unto death, but for the glory of GOD, that the Son of GOD may be glorified thereby. Mitigate the severity

of pain. Grant [him] patience under [his] sufferings, unmurmuring submission to the will of Him who afflicteth not willingly. His times are in Thy hands. We commend [him] soul and body to Thee, the Great Physician. If Thou seest meet to raise [him] up, may restored health and strength be more than ever given unto Thee, but if Thou hast otherwise determined, do Thou fit [him] for [his] eternal change. To [him] to live may it be CHRIST—to [him] to die may it be great gain.

Prayer to be used at the Bedside of a Dying Believer.

EVER BLESSED GOD, we rejoice to know that our times are in Thy hands. The LORD gives us our lives—the LORD has a sovereign right to take them away. Give us grace to say, Blessed be the name of the LORD! Do Thou look down in great mercy on Thy servant, whom Thou art about to take to Thyself. Let [him] know that leaning on JESUS the sting is plucked away from death, and the grave is robbed of its victory. Oh, Thou ever-living Redeemer, Thou great "Abolisher of Death," who has brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel, smooth this dying pillow—let Thy voice be heard, saying, "Fear not, it is I; be not afraid!" Mitigate the severity of pain. Give [him]

a peaceful entrance into glory: may Thine angels even now be waiting to waft [him] to Thy presence—may [he] know that Thou art faithful who hast promised, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world!" Forgive, oh, forgive all [his] past sins. May this be the one glorious truth to which [his] soul clings in a dying hour—"The blood of JESUS CHRIST, GOD'S Son, cleanseth from all sin." LORD, may Thine own blessed soul-sustaining peace be [his];—a few more moments and [he] will wake up in heaven—sorrow and sighing shall have fled away forever. May [he] even desire to depart and to be with CHRIST, and feel this to be indeed far better. Hear us, good LORD, for JESUS' sake. *Amen*

"And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the LORD: from hence, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest

from their labors; and their works do follow them."

"In my Father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go and prepare a place for you; and if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of GOD, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, Thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation,

and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of GOD, and serve him day and night in his temple: and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

THE

FAITHFUL PROMISER.

It has often been felt a delightful exercise by the child of God, to take, night by night, an individual promise, and plead it at the mercy seat. Often are our prayers *pointless*, from not following in this respect the example of the sweet psalmist of Israel, the royal promise-pleader, who delighted to direct his finger to some particular "word" of the faithful Promise, saying, "Remember thy word unto thy servant, on which thou hast caused me to hope."

The following are a few gleanings from the promise-treasury, a few crumbs from the Master's table, which may serve to help the thoughts in the hour of closet meditation or the season of sorrow.

St. M——, December, 1849.

FIRST DAY.

Pardoning Grace.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—ISAIAH, i. 18.

MY SOUL, thy God summons thee to his audience-chamber. Infinite purity seeks to reason with infinite vileness. Deity stoops to speak to dust. Dread not the meeting. It is the most gracious, as well as wondrous of all conferences. Jehovah himself breaks silence. He utters the best tidings a lost soul or a lost world can hear: "God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses." What! *scarlet* sins and *crimson* sins; and these all to be forgiven and forgotten? The just God "justifying" the unjust—the mightiest of all beings the

kindest of all. O, what is there in thee to merit such love as this? Thou mightest have known thy God only as the "consuming fire," and had nothing before thee save "a fearful looking for of vengeance." This gracious conference bids thee dispel thy fears. It tells thee, it is no longer a "fearful," but a *blessed* thing to be in His hands. Hast thou closed with these his overtures? Until thou art at peace with Him, happiness must be a stranger to thy bosom. Though thou hast all else besides, bereft of God thou must be "bereft indeed."

Lord, I come. As thy pardoning grace is freely tendered, so shall I freely accept it. May it be mine, even now, to listen to the gladdening accents, Son, Daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee!

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

SECOND DAY.

Needful Grace.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—Deut. xxxii. 25.

God does not give grace till the hour of trial comes. But when it *does* come, the amount of grace and the special grace required is vouchsafed. My soul, do not dwell with painful apprehension on the future. Do not anticipate coming sorrows, perplexing thyself about the grace needed for future emergencies: to-morrow will bring its promised grace along with to-morrow's trials, God, wishing to keep his people humble and dependent on himself, gives not a stock of grace; He metes it out for every day's exigencies, that they may be constantly travelling between their own emptiness and Christ's fulness—their own weakness and Christ's strength. But

when the exigency comes, thou mayest safely trust an almighty arm to bear thee through.

Is there now some "thorn in the flesh" sent to lacerate thee? Thou mayest have been entreating the Lord for its removal. Thy prayer has doubtless been heard and answered; but not in the way perhaps expected or desired by thee. The "thorn" may still be left to goad, the trial may still be left to buffet, but "more grace" has been given to endure them. O, how often have his people thus been led to glory in their infirmities and triumph in their afflictions, seeing the power of Christ rests more abundantly upon them. The strength which the hour of trial brings, often makes the Christian a wonder to himself.

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

THIRD DAY.

All-sufficient Grace.

"God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye always having all-sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."—2 Cor. ix. 8.

"All-sufficiency in all things!" Believer, surely thou art "thoroughly furnished." Grace is no scanty thing, doled out in pittances. It is a glorious treasnry, which the key of prayer can always unlock, but never empty. A fountain, "full flowing, *ever* flowing, *over*flowing." Mark these three alls in this precious promise. It is a threefold link in a golden chain, let down from a throne of grace by a God of grace. "*All grace*"—"*all-sufficiency*" in "*all things!*" and these to "abound." O, precious thought! My wants cannot impoverish that inexhaustible treasury of grace. Myriads are hourly hanging on it.

and drawing from it, and yet there is no diminution. Out of that fulness all we too may receive, and grace for grace. My soul, dost not thou love to dwell on that all-abounding grace? Thine own insufficiency in everything, met with an "all-sufficiency in all things." Grace in all circumstances and situations, in all vicissitudes and changes, in all the varied phases of the Christian's being. Grace in sunshine and storm, in health and in sickness, in life and in death. Grace for the old believer, and the young believer, the tried believer and the weak believer and the tempted believer. Grace *for* duty, and grace *in* duty; grace to carry the joyous cup with a steady hand; grace to drink the bitter cup with an unmurmuring spirit; grace to have prosperity sanctified; grace to say, through tears, "Thy will be done."

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

FOURTH DAY.

Comforting Grace.

"I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you."—JOHN, xiv. 18.

BLESSED JESUS, how thy presence sanctifies trial, takes loneliness from the chamber of sickness, and gloom from the chamber of death! Bright and Morning Star, precious at all times, thou art never *so* precious as in "the dark and cloudy day." The bitterness of sorrow is well worth enduring, to have thy promised consolations. How well qualified, thou Man of sorrows, to be my Comforter! How well fitted to dry my tears, thou who didst shed so many thyself! What are *my* tears, my sorrows, my crosses, my losses, compared with thine, who didst shed first thy tears, and then thy blood for *me?* Mine are all deserved, and

are infinitely less than have been merited. How different, O spotless Lamb of God, those pangs which rent thy guiltless bosom!

How sweet those comforts thou hast promised to the comfortless, when I think of them as flowing from an almighty *Fellow-sufferer*—"a brother born for adversity"—the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother!" one who can say, with all the refined sympathies of a holy, exalted human nature, "I know your sorrows."

My soul, calm thy griefs. There is not a sorrow thou canst experience, but Jesus in the treasury of grace, has an exact corresponding solace. In the multitude of the *sorrows* I have in my heart, "thy *comforts* delight my soul."

Remember THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

FIFTH DAY

Restraining Grace.

"Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." —LUKE, xxii. 31, 32.

WHAT a scene does this unfold! Satan tempting, Jesus praying; Satan sifting, Jesus pleading; the strong man assailing, the stronger than the strong beating him back.

Believer, here is the past history and present secret of thy safety in the midst of temptation. An interceding Saviour was at thy side, saying to every threatening wave, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." God often permits his people to be on the very verge of the precipice, to remind them of their own weakness; but never further than the verge. The restraining hand and grace of Omnipotence

is ready to rescue them. "Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down;" and why not? "for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand." The wolf may be prowling for his prey; but what can he do when the Shepherd is always there, tending with the watchful eye that "neither slumbers nor sleeps?"

What believer cannot subscribe to the testimony, "When my foot slipped, thy mercy, O Lord, help me up?" Who can look back on his past pilgrimage, and fail to see it crowded with Ebenezers with this inscription, "Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling?" My soul, where wouldst thou have been this day, hadst thou not been "*kept*" by the power of God?

Remember THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*

SIXTH DAY.

Restoring Grace.

"I will heal their backsliding."—HOSEA xiv. 4.

WANDERING again! And has He not left me to perish? Stumbling and straying on the dark mountains, away from the Shepherd's eye and the Shepherd's fold, shall He not leave the erring wanderer to the fruit of his own ways, and his truant heart to go hopelessly onward in its career of guilty estrangement? "My thoughts," says God, "are not as your thoughts, neither are your ways as my ways." Man would say, "Go, perish, ungrateful apostate." God says, "Return, ye backsliding children." The Shepherd *will* not, *cannot* suffer the sheep to perish he has purchased with his own blood. How wondrous his forbearance towards it;

tracking its guilty steps, and ceasing not the pursuit till he lays the wanderer on his shoulders, and returns with it to his fold rejoicing.

My soul, why increase by further departures thine own distance from the fold? Why lengthen the dreary road thy gracious Shepherd has to traverse in bringing thee back? Delay not thy return. Provoke no longer his patience; venture no further on forbidden ground. He waits with outstretched arms to welcome thee once more to his bosom. Be humble for the past; trust him for the future. Think of thy former backslidings, and tremble; think of his forbearance and be filled with holy gratitude; think of his promised grace, and take courage.

Remember THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

SEVENTH DAY.

Sanctifying Grace.

"He that hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."—PHIL. i. 6.

READER, is the good work begun in thee? Art thou becoming holy? Is sin more and more crucified? Are thy heart's idols one by one abolished? Is the world less to thee, and eternity more to thee? Is more of thy Saviour's image impressed on thy character, and thy Saviour's love more enthroned in thy heart? Is salvation to thee more the one thing needful? O take heed; there can be no middle ground, no standing still: or if it be so with thee, thy position must be a false one. The Saviour's blood is not more necessary to give thee a title to heaven, than his spirit to give thee a meetness for

it. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is *none of his.*"

"Onwards," should be thy motto. There is no standing still in the life of faith. "The man," says Augustine, "who says, '*Enough*,' that man's soul is lost." Let this be the superscription in all thy ways and doings, "Holiness to the Lord." Let the monitory word exercise over thee its habitual power, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

Moreover, remember that to be holy, is to be happy. The two are convertible terms. Holiness! It is the secret and spring of the joy of angels; and the more of holiness attained on earth—the nearer and closer my walk is with God, the more of a sweet earnest shall I have of the bliss that awaits me in a holy heaven. O, my soul, let it be thy sacred ambition to "be holy."

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou has caused me to hope.*"

EIGHTH DAY.

Reviving Grace.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength they shall mount up with wings, as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."—ISAIAH, xl. 31.

"WILT thou not revive us, O Lord?" My soul, art thou conscious of thy declining state? Is thy walk less with God—thy frame less heavenly? Hast thou less conscious nearness to the mercy-seat—diminished communion with the Saviour? Is prayer less a privilege than it has been; the pulsations of spiritual life more languid and fitful and spasmodic; the bread of life less relished; the seen and the temporal and the tangible displacing the unseen and the eternal? Art thou sinking down into this state of drowsy self contentment, this conformity-life with the world, forfeiting

all the happiness of true religion, and risking and endangering the better life to come?

Arise, call upon thy God. "Wilt thou not revive us, O Lord?" He might have returned nothing but the withering repulse, "How often would I have gathered thee, but thou wouldst not!" "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone." But "In wrath He remembers mercy." "They *shall* revive as the corn." "The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

How and where is reviving grace to be found? He gives thee in His precious promise the key. It is on thy *knees*—by a return to thy deserted and unfrequented chamber, "*They that wait upon the Lord.*" "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord."

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

NINTH DAY.

Persevering Grace.

"The righteous also shall hold on his way."—Job, xvii. 9.

Reader, how comforting to thee, amid the ebbings and flowings of thy changing history, to know that the change is all with thee, and not with thy God. Thy spiritual bark may be tossed on the waves of temptation, in many a dark midnight. Thou mayest think thy pilot hath left thee, and be ready continually to say, "Where is my God?" But fear not. The bark which bears thy spiritual destinies is in better hands than thine; a golden chain of covenant love links it to the eternal throne. That chain can never snap asunder. He who holds it in his hand gives thee *this* as the pledge of your safety: "Because I live ye shall live also."

"Why art thou then cast down, O my soul; and why art thou disquieted within me? *hope thou in God.*" Thou wilt assuredly ride out these stormy surges, and reach the desired haven.

But be faithful with thyself. See that there be nothing to hinder or impede thy growth in grace. Think how little may retard thy progress. One sin indulged, one temptation tampered with, one bosom traitor, may cost thee many a bitter hour and bitter tear, by separating between thee and thy God. Make it thy daily prayer, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

TENTH DAY.

Dying Grace.

"I have the keys of hell and of death."—Rev. i. 18

And from whom could dying grace come so welcome, as from thee, O blessed Jesus? Not only is thy name "The Abolisher of Death," but thou didst thyself *die*. Thou hast sanctified the grave by thine own presence, and divested it of all its terrors.

My soul, art thou at times afraid of this, thy last enemy? If the rest of thy pilgrimage be peaceful and unclouded, rests there a dark and portentous shadow over the terminating portals? Fear not. When that dismal entrance is reached, He who has the keys of the grave and of death suspended at his golden girdle, will impart grace to bear thee through. It is the messenger of peace. Thy Saviour calls thee.

The promptings of nature when at first thou seest the darkening wave, may be like those of the affrighted disciples when they said, "It is a spirit!" and cried out for fear.

But a gentle voice will be heard high above the storm, "It is I; be not afraid." Death, indeed, as the wages of sin must even by the believer be regarded as an enemy. But O, blessed thought, it is thy *last* enemy—the cause of thy last tear. In a few brief moments after that tear is shed, thy God will be wiping every vestige of it away. "O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Welcome, vanquished foe! Birthday of heaven. "To die is gain."

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

ELEVENTH DAY

After Grace, Glory.

"The Lord will grace and glory."—PSA. lxxxiv. 11.

O, HAPPY day, when this toilsome warfare will all be ended, Jordan crossed, Canaan entered, the legion-enemies of the wilderness no longer dreaded; sorrow, sighing, death, and, worst of all, *sin* no more either to be felt or feared.

Here is the terminating link in the golden chain of the everlasting covenant. It began with *grace;* it ends with *glory.* It began with sovereign grace in a bypast eternity, and no link will be wanting till the ransomed spirit be presented faultless before the throne.

Grace and glory! If the earnest be sweet, what must be the reality? If the wilderness table contain such rich provision,

what must be the glories of the eternal banqueting-house? O, my soul, make sure of thine interest in the one, as the blessed prelude to the other. Having access by faith into this *grace*, thou canst "rejoice in hope of the *glory* of God; for whom he *justifies*, them he also *glorifies*. Has grace begun in thee? Canst thou mark—though it should be but the drops of the incipient rill which is to terminate in such an ocean—the tiny grains which are to accumulate and issue in such an "exceeding weight of glory?" Delay not the momentous question. The day of offered grace is on the wing, its hours are fast numbering; and "no grace, no glory."

"Remember THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."*

TWELFTH DAY.

Another Comforter.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever."—JOHN, xiv. 16.

BLESSED Spirit of all grace, how oft have I grieved thee—resisted thy dealings, quenched thy strivings; and yet art thou still pleading with me. O, let me realize more than I do, my need of thy gracious influences. Ordinances, sermons, communions, providential dispensations, are nothing without thy life-giving power. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth." "No man can call Jesus, Lord, but by the Holy Ghost."

Church of the living God, is not this one cause of thy deadness?" My soul, is not this the secret of thy languishing frames, repeated declensions, uneven walk, and

sudden falls, that the influences of the Holy Ghost are undervalued and unsought? Pray for the outpouring of this blessed Agent for the world's renovation, and thine own. "I will pour out my Spirit on all flesh," is the precursor of millennial bliss.

Jesus, draw near in thy mercy to this torpid heart, as thou didst of old to thy mourning disciples, and breathe upon it, and say, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." It is the mightiest of all boons; but, like the sun in the heavens, it is the freest of all. "For if ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father in heaven give the Holy Spirit unto them that ask him?"

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

THIRTEENTH DAY.

Providential Overruling.

"All things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose."—Rom. viii. 28.

My soul, be still; thou art in the hands of thy covenant God. Were these strange viscissitudes in thy history the result of accident or chance, thou mightest well be overwhelmed; but "*all things*," and *this* thing, be it what it may, which may be now disquieting thee, is *one* of these "*all things*" that are working mysteriously for thy good. Trust thy God. He will not deceive thee; thy interests are with him in safe custody, When sight says, "All these things are against me," let faith rebuke the hasty conclusion, and say, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" How often does God hedge up our way

with thorns, to elicit simple trust. How seldom can we *see* all things so working for our good. But it is better discipline to *believe* it. O, for faith amid frowning providences to say, "I *know* that thy judgments are good;" and, relying in the dark, to exclaim, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Blessed Jesus, to thee are committed the reins of this universal empire. The same hand that was once nailed to the cross, is now wielding the sceptre on the throne—"all power" given unto thee in heaven and in earth. How can I doubt the wisdom, and faithfulness, and love of the most mysterious earthly dealing, when I know that the roll of providence is thus in the hands of Him who has given the mightiest pledge omnipotence *could* give of his tender interest in my soul's well-being, by giving *himself* for me?

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

FOURTEENTH DAY.

Safe Walking.

"All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies."—PSALM XXV. 10.

THE paths of the Lord! My soul, never follow thine own paths. If thou dost so, thou wilt be in danger often of following sight rather than faith—choosing the evil, and refusing the good. But "commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass." Let this be thy prayer, "Show me *thy* ways, O Lord; teach me *thy* paths." O, for Caleb's spirit, "*wholly* to follow the Lord my God"—to follow him when self must be sacrificed, and hardships must be borne, and trials await me—to "walk with God," to ask in simple faith, "What wouldst thou have me to do?" to have no will of my own, save this, that God's will is to be

my will. Here is safety, here is happiness. Fearlessly follow the guiding Pillar. He will lead you by a *right* way, though it may be a way of hardship, and crosses, and losses, and privations, to the city of habitation. O, the blessedness of thus lying passive in the hands of God; saying, "Undertake thou for me;" dwelling with holy gratitude on past mercies and interpositions; taking these as pledges of future faithfulness and love; hearing his voice behind us, amid life's manifold perplexities, exclaiming, "This is the way; walk ye in it." Happy, surely, are every people who are in such a case. Happy, reader, will it be for thee if thou canst form the resolve in a strength greater than thine own, "This God shall be *my* God forever and ever; he shall be my *guide* even unto death."

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

FIFTEENTH DAY.

Love in Chastisement.

"As many as I love I rebuke and chasten."—Rev. iii. 19.

Sorrowing believer, what couldst thou wish more than this? Thy furnace is severe; but look at this assurance of him who lighted it. Love is the fuel that feeds its flames. Its every spark is love; kindled by a Father's hand, and designed as a special pledge of a Father's love. How many of his dear children has he so rebuked and chastened; and all, *all* for one reason, *I love them.* The myriads in glory have passed through these furnace-fires; *there* they were chosen—*there* they were purified, sanctified, and made "vessels meet for the Master's use;" the dross and the alloy purged, that the pure metal might remain. And art thou to claim exemption

from the same discipline? Art thou to think it strange, concerning these same fiery trials that may be trying thee, Rather exult in them as thine adoption-privilege. Envy not those who are strangers to the refining flames, who are "without chastisement;" rather surely the severest discipline, *with a Father's love*, than the fullest earthly cup, without that Father's smile. O, for grace to say, when the furnace is hottest and the rod sorest, "Even so, *Father*." And what, after all, is the severest of thy chastisements, in comparison with what thy sins have deserved? Dost thou murmur under a Father's correcting love? What would it have been to have stood the wrath of an unpropitiated Judge, and that too *forever?* Surely, in the light of eternity, the heaviest pang of earth is indeed a "light affliction."

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

SIXTEENTH DAY

A Condition in Chastisement.

"If need be."—1 PETER, i. 6.

THREE gracious words. Not one of all my tears shed for naught. Not one stroke of the rod unneeded, or that might have been spared. Thy heavenly Father loves thee too much and too tenderly, to bestow harsher correction than thy case requires. Is it loss of health, or loss of wealth, or loss of beloved friends? Be still—there was a *need be.* We are no judges of what that "need be" is; often through aching hearts we are forced to exclaim, "Thy judgments are a great deep." But God here pledges himself, that there will not be one redundant thorn in the believer's chaplet of suffering. No burden too heavy will be laid on him, and no sacrifice too great exacted

from him. He will "temper the wind to the shorn lamb." Whenever the "need be" has accomplished its end, then the rod is removed, the chastisement suspended, the furnace quenched.

"If need be!" O, what a pillow on which to rest thy aching head—that there is not a drop in all thy bitter cup but what a God of love saw to be absolutely necessary. Wilt thou not trust him, even though thou canst not trace the mystery of his dealings? Not too curiously prying into the "*why* it is," or "*how* it is," but satisfied that "so it is," and therefore that all must be well. "Although thou sayest thou canst not see him, yet judgment is before him; therefore trust thou in him."

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

SEVENTEENTH DAY

Strength to the Weak.

"A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench."—MATT. xiii. 20.

WILL Jesus accept such a heart as mine —this erring, treacherous, traitor heart? The past: how many forgotten vows, broken covenants, prayerless days! How often have I made new resolutions; and as often has the reed succumbed to the first blast of temptation, and the burning flax been well-nigh quenched by guilty omissions, and guiltier commissions. O, my soul, thou art low indeed; the things that remain seem "ready to die." But thy Saviour God will not give thee over unto death. The reed is bruised; but He will not pluck it up by the roots. The flax is reduced to a smoking ember; but He will

fan the decaying flame. Why wound thy loving Saviour's heart by these repeated declension? He will not, *cannot* give thee up. Go, mourn thy weakness and unbelief. Cry unto the strong for strength. Weary and faint one, thou hast an omnipotent arm to lean on. "*He* fainteth not, neither is weary." Listen to his own gracious assurance, "Fear not; for I am with thee. Be not dismayed; for I am thy God. I will *strengthen* thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Leaving all thy false props and refuges, be this thy resolve, "In the Lord put I my trust; why say ye to my soul, Flee as a bird to your mountain?"

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

EIGHTEENTH DAY.

Encouragement to the Desponding.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out."—
JOHN, vi. 37.

"CAST out!" My soul, how oft might this have been thy history? Thou hast cast off thy God; might he not oft have "cast out" thee? Yes, cast thee out as fuel for the fire of his wrath—a sapless, fruitless cumberer. And yet, notwithstanding all thy ungrateful requital for his unmerited forbearance, he is still declaring, "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." Thy sins may be legion-like; the sand of the sea may be their befitting type; the thought of their turpitude and aggravation may be ready to overwhelm thee; but be still; thy patient God waits to be gracious.

O, be deeply humbled and softened, because of thy guilt; resolve to dedicate thyself anew to his service; and so coming, he will *by no means* cast thee out. Despond not by reason of former shortcomings: thy sins are great, but thy Saviour's merits are greater. He is willing to forget all the past and sink it in oblivion, if there be present love and the promise of future obedience. "Simon, son of Jonas, *lovest thou me?*" Ah, how different is God's verdict from man's. After such sins as thine, man's sentence would have been, "*I* will in nowise receive." But "it is better to fall into the hands of God, than into the hands of man;" for he says, "I will in *nowise* cast out."

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

NINETEENTH DAY

Peace in Believing.

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth."—JOHN, xiv. 27.

"THOU wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." "Perfect peace;" what a blessed attainment. My soul, is it thine? Sure I am it *is not*, if thou art seeking it in a perishable world, or in the perishable creature, or in thy perishable self. Although thou hast all that the world would call enviable and happy, unless thou hast peace *in* God and *with* God, all else is unworthy of the name; a spurious thing, which the first breath of adversity will shatter, and the hour of death utterly annihilate. Perfect peace; what is it? It is the peace of forgiveness. It is the peace arising out of a sense of God

reconciled through the blood of the ever-lasting covenant, resting sweetly on the bosom and the work of Jesus, to him committing thine eternal all. My soul, stay thyself on God, that so this blessed peace may be thine. Thou hast tried the world. It has deceived thee. Prop after prop of earthly scaffolding has yielded and tottered and fallen. Has thy God ever done so? Ah, this false and counterfeit world-peace may do well for the world's work, and the world's day of prosperity. But test it in the hour of sorrow; and what can it do for thee when most it is needed? On the other hand, what though thou hast no other blessing on earth to call thine own? Thou art rich indeed, if thou canst look upwards to heaven, and say, with "unpresumptuous smile," "I am at peace with God."

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

TWENTIETH DAY.

Bliss in Dying.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'—
Rev xiv. 13.

My soul, is this blessedness thine in prospect? Art thou ready, if called this night to lie down on thy death-pillow, sweetly to fall asleep in Jesus! What is the sting of death? It is sin. Is death, then, to thee, robbed of its sting, through your having listened to the gracious accents of pardoning love? Be of good cheer; thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee. If thou hast made up thy peace with God, resting on the work and atoning blood of his dear Son, then is the "last enemy" divested of all his terror, and thou canst say, in sweet composure, of thy dying couch and dying hour, "I will both

lay me down in peace and sleep, because thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

Reader, ponder that solemn question, "Am I ready to die? Am I living as I should wish I had done when that last hour arrives?" And when shall it arrive? To-morrow is not thine. Verily, there may be but a step between thee and death. O, solve the question speedily; risk no doubts and no peradventure. Every day is proclaiming anew the lesson, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Seek to live so that that hour cannot come upon thee too soon or too unexpectedly. Live a dying life. How blessed to live, how blessed to die, with the consciousness that there may be but a step between thee and glory.

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

A Due Reaping.

"In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—GAL. VI. 9

BELIEVER, all the glory of thy salvation belongs to Jesus—none to thyself; every jewel in thine eternal crown is his purchased by his blood, and polished by his Spirit. The confession of time will be the ascription of all eternity, By the grace of God, I am what I am." But though all be of grace, thy God calls thee to personal strenuousness in the work of thy high calling; to "labor," to "fight," to "wrestle," to "*agonize*;" and the heavenly reaping will be in proportion to the earthly sowing. "He that soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully." What an incentive to holy living and increased spirit

ual attainments. My soul, wouldst thou be a star shining high and bright in the firmament of glory—wouldst thou receive the ten-talent recompense? Then, be not weary. Gird on thine armor for fresh conquests. Be gaining daily some new victory over sin. Deny thyself. Be a willing cross-bearer for thy Lord's sake. Do good to all men as thou hast opportunity; be patient under provocation, slow to wrath, resigned in trial. Let the world take knowledge of thee, that thou art wearing Christ's livery, and bearing Christ's Spirit, and sharing Christ's cross. And when the reaping-time comes, He who has promised that the cup of cold water shall not go unrecompensed, will not suffer thee to lose thy reward.

Remember THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

An End of Weeping.

"The days of thy mourning shall be ended."—ISAIAH, lx. 20.

CHRIST'S people are a weeping band, though there be much in this lovely world to make them joyous and happy. Yet when they think of sin, their own sin and the unblushing sins of a world in which their God is dishonored, need we wonder at their tears—that they should be called "mourners," and their pilgrimage-home a "valley of tears"? Bereavement, and sickness, and poverty, and death, following the track of sin, add to their mourning experience; and with many of God's best beloved, one tear is scarce dried, when another is ready to flow. Mourners rejoice. When the reaping-time comes, the weeping time ends. When the white robe and

the golden harp are bestowed, every remnant of the sackcloth attire is removed. The moment the pilgrim whose forehead is here furrowed with woe, bathes it in the crystal river of life, that moment the pangs of a lifetime of sorrow are eternally forgotten.

Reader, if thou art one of these care-worn ones, the days of thy mourning are numbered. A few more throbbings of this aching heart, and then the angel who proclaims "time to be no longer," shall proclaim also sorrow, and sighing, and mourning to be ended. Seek now to mourn thy sins more than thy sorrows; reserve thy bitterest tears for forgetfulness of thy dear Lord. The saddest and sorest of all bereavements is when the sins which have separated thee from Him evoke the anguish cry, "Where is my God?"

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

A Speedy Coming.

"Behold, I come quickly."—Rev. iii. 11.

"Even so; come, Lord Jesus." Why tarry the wheels of thy chariot? Six thousand years this world has rolled on, getting hoary with age and wrinkled with sins and sorrows. A waiting church sees the long-drawn shadows of twilight announcing, "The Lord is at hand." Prepare, my soul, to meet him. O, happy days, when thine adorable Redeemer, so long dishonored and despised, shall be publicly enthroned in presence of an assembled universe, crowned Lord of all, glorified in his saints, satisfied in the fruits of his soul's travail, destroying his enemies with the brightness of his coming—the lightning-glance of his wrath; causing the

hearts of his exulting people to "rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory." Prepare, my soul, to meet him. Let it be a joyous thought to thee, thy "blessed hope," this meeting with thine elder Brother. Stand oftentimes on the watch-tower, to catch the first streak of that coming brightness, the first murmur of these chariot wheels. The world is now in preparation. It is rocking on its worn-out axle. There are voices on every side proclaiming, "He cometh, he cometh to judge the earth." Reader, art thou among the number of those who "love his appearing"? Remember the attitude of his expectant saints. "Blessed are those servants whom their Lord, when he cometh, shall find WATCHING."

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

Heavenly Illumination.

"What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—JOHN, xviii. 7.

As the natural sun sometimes sinks in clouds, so occasionally the Christian who has a bright rising, and a brighter meridian, sets in gloom. It is not *always* "light" at his evening-time; but this we know, that when the day of immortality breaks, the last vestige of earth's shadows will forever flee away. To the closing hour of time, providence may be to him a baffling enigma; but ere the first hour has struck on heaven's chronometer, all will be clear. My soul, in God's light thou shalt see light. The book of his decrees is a sealed book now; "A great deep," is all the explanation thou canst often give of his judgments·

the *why* and the *wherefore* he seems to keep from us, to test our faith, to discipline us in trustful submission, and lead us to say, "Thy will be done." But rejoice in that hereafter-light which awaits thee. Now we see through a glass darkly; but *then*, face to face. In the great mirror of eternity all the events of this checkered scene will be reflected; the darkest of them will then be seen to be bright with mercy —the severest dispensations, "only the severer aspects of his love." Pry not, then, too curiously; pronounce not too censoriously on God's dealings with thee. Wait with patience till the grand day of disclosures; one confession shall then burst from every tongue, "Righteous art thou, O Lord."

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.

A Glorious Reunion.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."—JOHN, xiv. 3.

IF the meeting of a long absent friend or brother on earth be a joyous event, what, my soul, must be the joy of thy union with this Brother of brothers, this Friend of friends? "I will come again." O, what an errand of love, what a promised honor and dignity is this. His saints are to share, not his heaven only, but his immediate presence. "Where *I am*, *there ye* shall be also." "Father, I *will*"—it was his dying wish, a wondrous codicil in that testamentary prayer—"that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where *I am*." Happy reunion! Blessed Saviour, if thy presence be so sweet on a sin-stricken earth, and

when known only by the invisible eye of faith, what must be that presence in a sinless heaven, unfolded in all its unutterable loveliness and glory? Happy reunion! It will be a meeting of the whole ransomed family: the Head, with all its members; the Vine, with all its branches; the Shepherd, with all his flock; the elder Brother, with all his kinsmen. O, the joy, too, of mutual recognition among the death-divided; ties snapt asunder on earth indissolubly renewed; severed friendships reunited; the triumph of love complete; love binding brother with brother, and friend with friend, and *all* to the Elder Brother. My soul, what thinkest thou of this heaven? Remember who it is that Jesus says shall sit with him upon his throne—"Him that overcometh."

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou has caused me to hope.*"

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

Everlasting Espousals.

"And I will betroth thee unto me forever."—HOSEA, ii. 19.

How wondrous and varied are the figures which Jesus employs to express the tenderness of his covenant love. My soul, thy Saviour God hath "married thee." Wouldst thou know the hour of thy betrothment? Go back into the depths of a past eternity, before the world was; then and there thine espousals were contracted: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Soon shall the bridal hour arrive, when thine absent Lord shall come to welcome his betrothed bride into his royal palace. "The bridegroom tarrieth;" but see that thou dost not slumber and sleep. Surely there is much all around, demanding the girded loins and the burning lamps. At "midnight," the

hour when he is least expected, the cry *may* be, it *shall* be heard, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" My soul, has this mystic union been formed between thee and thy Lord? Canst thou say, in humble assurance of thine affiance with Him, "my Beloved is mine, and I am his?" If so, great, unspeakably great are the glories which await thee. Thy dowry as the bride of Christ is all that omnipotence can bestow, and all that a feeble creature can receive. In the prospect of those glorious nuptials, thou needst dread no pang of widowhood. What God hath joined together, no created power can take asunder; He betroths thee, and it is "forever."

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

A Joyful Resurrection.

"This corruptible must put on incorruption."—1 Cor. xv. 53.

MARVEL of marvels! the sleeping ashes of the sepulchre starting at the tones of the archangel's trumpet; the dishonored dust rising a glorified body, like its risen Lord's. At death, the soul's bliss is perfect in kind; but that bliss is not complete in degree, until reunited to the tabernacle it has left behind to mingle with the sods of the valley. But tread lightly on that grave; it contains precious because ransomed dust. My body as well as my spirit was included in the redemption-price of Calvary, and "them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." O, blessed jubilee-day of creation, when Christ's "dead men shall

arise;" when, together with his dead body, they shall come, and the summons shall sound forth, "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust!" All the joys of that resurrection morn we cannot tell, but its chief glory we *do* know: "When he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." Like Him! My soul, art thou waiting for this manifestation of the sons of God? Like Him! Hast thou caught up any faint resemblance to that all-glorious image? Having this hope in thee, art thou purifying thyself even as he is pure? Be much with Jesus now, that thou mayest exult in meeting him hereafter. Thus taking him as thy guide and portion in life, thou mayest lay thee down in thy dark and noisome cell, and look forward with triumphant hope to the dawn of a resurrection-morn, saying, When I awake, I am still with thee.

Remember THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.

A Nightless Heaven.

"There shall be no night there."—Rev. xxi. 25.

My soul, is it night with thee here? Art thou wearied with these midnight tossings on life's tumultuous sea? Be still; the day is breaking; soon shall thy Lord appear. "His going forth is prepared as the morning." That glorious appearing shall disperse every cloud, and usher in an eternal noontide which knows no twilight. "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light." Everlasting light! Wondrous secret of a nightless world; the glories of a present God; the everlasting light of the Three in One, quenching the radiance of all created orbs, superseding all material luminaries.

"My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning." The haven is nearing; star after star is quenched in more glorious effulgence; every bound over these dark waves is bringing thee nearer the eternal shore. Wilt thou not, then, humbly and patiently endure weeping for the night, in the prospect of the joy that cometh in the morning? Strange realities: a world without night, a firmament without a sun; and, greater wonder still, *thyself* in this world, a joyful denizen of this nightless, sinless, sorrowless, tearless heaven, basking underneath the Fountain of uncreated light! No exhaustion of glorified body and spirit to require repose; no lassitude or weariness to suspend the ever-deepening song, "They *rest not.*"

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

TWENTY-NINTH DAY.

A Crown of Life.

"When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 PETER, v. 4.

WHAT, is the beggar to be raised from the dunghill, set among princes, and made to inherit a throne of glory? Is dust and ashes, a puny rebel, a guilty traitor, to be pitied, pardoned, loved, exalted from the depths of despair, raised to the heights of heaven, gifted with kingly honor, royally fed, royally clothed, royally attended, and at last royally crowned? O, my soul, look forward with joyous emotion to that day of wonders, when He whose head shall be crowned with many crowns shall be the dispenser of royal diadems to his people; and when they shall begin the joyful ascription of all eternity, "Unto Him that

loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood," and has "made us KINGS" —"to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen." Wilt thou be among the number? Shall the princes and monarchs of the earth wade through seas of blood for a corruptible crown; and wilt thou permit thyself to lose the incorruptible, or barter it for some perishable nothings of earth? O, that thou wouldst awake to thy high destiny, and live up to thy transcendent privileges as the citizen of a kingly commonwealth, a member of the blood-royal of heaven. What wouldst thou not sacrifice, what effort wouldst thou grudge, if thou wert included at last in the gracious benediction, "Come, ye blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world?"

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

THIRTIETH DAY

The Vision and Fruition of God.

"God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."—Rev. xxi. 3, 4.

Glorious consummation! All the other glories of heaven are but emanations from this glory that excelleth. Here is the focus and centre to which every ray of light converges. God is "all in all." Heaven *without God!* it would send a thrill of dismay through the burning ranks of angels and archangels; it would dim every eye, and hush every harp, and change the whitest robe into sackcloth. And shall I then indeed "*see God*"? What, shall I gaze on these inscrutable glories, and live? Yes, God himself shall be with them, and be their

God; they shall *see his face.* And not only the vision but the *fruition.* O, how does sin in my holiest moments damp the enjoyment of Him. It is the "pure in heart" alone who can "see," far more, who can enjoy God. Even if he did reveal himself *now*, these eyes could never endure his intolerable brightness. But *then*, with a heart purified from corruption, a world where the taint of sin and the power of temptation never enters—the soul again a bright mirror, reflecting the lost image of the Godhead; all the affections devoted to their original high destiny; the love of God the motive principle, the ruling passion; the glory of God the undivided object and aim; the will no opposing or antagonist bias—man will, for the first time, know all the blessedness of his chief end, "to glorify God, and to enjoy him forever."

"*Remember* THIS *word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

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